The Living Age

Vol. 304
From Beginning

Vol. 17
Eighth Series

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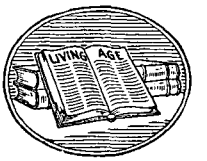

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JANUARY 10, 1920

SOME PRIVATE NOTES OF WILHELM II

EVER since the Berlin revolution last November, Herr Carl Kautsky, the well-known German Socialist writer, has been examining these documents at the Wilhelmstrasse with a view to establishing personal and political responsibilities for the war. He has now definitely ascertained the effect of the fateful Potsdam 'Council' on July 5, 1914, when the Kaiser, after receiving an autograph appeal from the Emperor Francis Joseph, committed Germany to the unconditional support of Austria-Hungary in her Balkan adventure and in her challenge to Russia. Herr Kautsky's critical analysis of the documents that he has collated is illuminated by textual quotations, many of which bear striking annotations in the Kaiser's own hand. The *Times* has published a numerous series of extracts from Herr Kautsky's work, completed and emphasized by the disclosures of the Austrian Red Books, and we are indebted to the courtesy of the editor of that journal for permission to reprint a selection.

It was during the spring of 1914 that, there is little doubt, the Kaiser and the Archduke Francis Ferdinand had come to a complete understanding with regard to their aims in the Balkans, and the murder of the Archduke at Sarajevo on June 28 was skillfully used by the Austrians to confirm the Kaiser in the project to eliminate Serbia. In his dispatch to the Chancellor in Berlin, Herr von Tschirschky, the German Ambassador in Vienna, wrote:

> I have repeatedly heard expressed here, even among serious people, the view that there must some day be a thorough reckoning with the Serbs. [The Kaiser's note: 'Now or never!'] It is urged that a series of demands ought first of all to be presented to the Serbs, and that if these are not accepted energetic action ought to be taken. I seize every such occasion in order quietly, but very firmly and seriously, to warn against any hasty steps. [The Kaiser's note: 'Who has authorized him to do this? This is very stupid! It is no business of his: it is purely Austria's affair to consider what she ought to do in consequence. If afterwards things go wrong, we shall be told that Germany was not willing! Tschirschky will, please, stop this nonsense! A clearance must be made of the Serbs, and that soon!']

On the receipt, on July 5, of the Emperor Francis Joseph's letter and memorandum dealing with the situation created by the murder of the Archduke, the Kaiser expressed the opinion that any action against Serbia ought to be taken without delay. Russia would certainly be hostile, but he had years ago expected this possibility, and if it should come to war between Austria and Russia, Germany

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would loyally take her stand beside the monarchy. The Chancellor added that immediate action against Serbia was the best and most radical solution of Austria's Balkan difficulties. Three days later Von Tschirschky reported to Berlin that 'Count Berchtold intimated that if his Emperor assented to the presentation to begin with of demands to Serbia, he would advise him to formulate these demands in such a way that their acceptance should seem out of the question,' and in a letter to Francis Joseph, Count Tisza urged the expediency of proceeding against Serbia in a manner that would permit, in particular, England to restrain Russia.

On July 10, Von Tschirschky reported to Berlin that Francis Joseph concurred in 'our view' that a decision ought to be taken at once, and that Count Berchtold, the Austrian Foreign Secretary, contemplated fixing a time limit of forty-eight hours, in order that Belgrade might not be able to consult Petersburg. The Kaiser marked the dispatch, showing that he expected the presentation of 'quite unambiguous' terms to Serbia, and to the statement that the Ballplatz was trying to discover a really unacceptable formula he appended the note: 'The Sandjak to be evacuated! Then there will be a row at once! It is imperative that Austria should get this back again, in order to prevent both the union of Serbia and Montenegro and Serbian access to the sea.' (The Sandjak of Novi Bazar is a district divided between Serbia and Montenegro after the Balkan War of 1912.)

Count Tisza, the Hungarian Premier, who had counseled prudence, made up his mind to advocate war, and on hearing of his conversion the Kaiser noted on the dispatch: 'There now — a man for all that'; and on learning that the Austrian note to Serbia was to be delayed till after President Poincaré's departure from Petersburg, he commented, 'What a pity.' Naturally it was desired, if possible, to localize the conflict between Austria and Serbia, and to avoid alarming other countries the *North German Gazette* was to publish comments couched in a purposely mild tone, but Von Tschirschky was instructed to explain to Vienna that this must not be construed as a German retirement, and the Bavarian Legation reported to Munich that the Berlin Government would point to the absence of the Kaiser (who was cruising in the Hohenzollern) and other personages, and would profess to have been surprised by the Austrian action as much as other Powers.

In a further dispatch Prince Lichnowsky, German Ambassador in London, adumbrated Sir Edward Grey's probable attitude toward the Austrian demands. Herr von Jagow transmitted this dispatch to the Kaiser with an endorsement to the effect that the German Ambassador in London was being instructed to declare that 'we did not know the Austrian demands, but that we regarded them as an internal Austro-Hungarian question upon which we were not competent to exert influence.' Upon this the Kaiser commented:

> Quite right! But Grey must be told this very seriously and plainly, so that he may see that I won't stand any nonsense. Grey makes the mistake of putting Serbia on the same level as Austria and other great Powers! This is unheard of! Serbia is a pack of brigands, who must be brought to book for their crimes! I shall not interfere in anything which the Emperor (Francis Joseph) alone is competent to decide. I expected this dispatch and it does not surprise me! A typical example of British mentality and of the lordly British way of ordering people about, and I want to have it repudiated.

Events in Belgrade after the presentation of the Austrian ultimatum were

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described in a dispatch on which the Kaiser commented:

Bravo! We no longer thought the Viennese capable of this! . . . His Majesty (King Peter) seems to have funked it! . . . The proud Slavs! . . . How hollow the whole of the so-called Serbian great Power turns out to be! All Slav states are like that. Just tread this rabble firmly on the feet!

Count Berchtold's assurances that Austria did not desire any Serbian territory for herself or any modification of the balance in the Balkans, provoked the Kaiser to the marginal exclamation:

Donkey! Austria must retake the Sandjak, or else the Serbians will come down to the Adriatic. . . . Austria must become preponderant in the Balkans over the smaller states, at the expense of Russia, otherwise there will be no peace.

The important question of the British Fleet was considered, and the German Naval Attaché reported that it was not taking extraordinary measures, but was carrying out according to plan the previously contemplated dispersals (after the review). Upon that the Kaiser commented that the British Navy had no need to take extraordinary measures, since it was 'ready for war, as the review has shown, and has mobilized.'

On July 27 the Kaiser returned to Berlin, and the Austrian Ambassador telegraphed to Berlin:

Secretary of State informed me in strict confidence and very emphatically that during the next few days mediation proposals on the part of England might perhaps be communicated to Your Excellency by the German Government. The German Government, he said, offered the most unqualified assurance that it did not identify itself in any way with the proposals; that, on the contrary, it was decidedly opposed to their consideration; and that it would transmit them merely in order to conform to the English request.

In so doing the German Government proceeded from the point of view that it was of the greatest importance that England should not at the present moment make common cause with Russia and France. Everything, therefore, must be done to prevent a breaking off of the wire between Germany and England, which had worked well hitherto. If Germany were flatly to declare to Sir Edward Grey that she declines to transmit to us his wishes regarding Austria-Hungary (which England believes would be more likely to be considered by us if we received them through the intermediary of Germany), then this rupture which must at all costs be avoided would come to pass.

Prince Lichnowsky having wired from London repeating Sir Edward Grey's statement that the situation was becoming serious, the Kaiser commented: 'The biggest and most unheard of piece of English Pharisaism that I have ever seen! With such scoundrels I shall never conclude a naval agreement!' Prince Lichnowsky's further account of his conversation with Sir Edward Grey, in the afternoon of the 29th, was interlarded by the Kaiser with such expressions as: 'Aha! the base deceiver!' 'Archbase and Mephistophelian! But truly English!'

The Kaiser's fury became unbounded when he read that circumstances might arise in which England would be unable to stand aside. 'They mean to attack us,' he noted, and wrote the following memorandum for the Chancellor:

This pack of base hucksters has sought to deceive us with dinners and speeches. The King's (King George) message for me through Henry —'We shall remain neutral and try to keep out of this as long as possible'— was the grossest deception of all. Grey gives the King the lie, and this statement of his to Lichnowsky is the outcome of a guilty conscience, of the feeling in fact that he has deceived us. It amounts, moreover, to a threat, which is partly bluff, designed to separate us from Austria, to prevent us from mobilizing, and to foist upon us the responsibility for the war. He knows perfectly well that he has only to

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utter one single sharp and earnest word of warning in Paris and in Petersburg and to enjoin neutrality upon them, and they will both at once keep quiet. But he takes good care not to utter this word, and threatens us instead! Low hound! Responsibility for peace or war now rests upon England alone, and no longer upon us!

Francis Joseph signed the declaration of war against Serbia on July 28 to Count Berchtold's dictation, but on his return to the Ballplatz the Austrian Foreign Secretary deleted in the document signed by the Emperor the reference to Serbian acts of hostility which had served the purpose of rousing the old gentleman, and the abbreviated declaration was delivered; while the next day the German ultimatum to Belgium was sent under sealed cover to the German minister at Brussels, with orders to await instructions. On August 2, he was directed to open the sealed ultimatum, present it, and demand a reply by the following morning.

Spasmodic attempts were made on July 30 by Von Bethmann-Hollweg, the Chancellor, who was profoundly impressed by the prospect that, in the event of war, England and Italy would make common cause with France and Russia, to induce Count Berchtold to accept Sir Edward Grey's last offer of mediation in any form. But meanwhile the Kaiser penned this further memorandum for the Chancellor:

. . . It is now clear to me beyond all doubt that England, Russia, and France, on the ostensible ground that we are confronted with our *casus fœderis* toward Austria — have seized the Austro-Serbian conflict as a pretext, and have deliberately concerted among themselves to embark upon a war of destruction against us. Hence Grey's cynical remark to Lichnowsky, to the effect that England will sit still so long as the war remains confined to Russia and Austria, and that only if we and France intervene would he be compelled to move actively against us — that is to say, either we must basely betray our ally and deliver up our ally to the mercy of Russia, thereby breaking up the Triple Alliance, or else, for our loyalty to our ally, we must submit to being set upon and chastised by the whole of the Triple Entente, whose envy would at last have the gratification of totally ruining us by their combined efforts.

This, in a nutshell, is the true, naked situation — slowly but surely initiated by Edward VII, promoted by him, and, despite all denials, systematically developed by means of conversations on the part of England with Paris and Petersburg — which is now finally being completed and set in motion by George V. To this end a noose is being made for our necks out of the stupidity and clumsiness of our ally. And so, notwithstanding all the efforts of our politicians and diplomatists to prevent it, the celebrated 'encirclement' of Germany has at last become a fully accomplished fact. The net has suddenly been drawn over our heads, and England, with a sneer, has scored the most brilliant success of her tenacious, purely anti-German world-policy, against which we have found ourselves powerless, for as soon as we were struggling all alone in the net, a halter for our political and economic destruction was tied out of our loyalty to our Austrian ally. A grandiose performance which deserves admiration at the hands even of him who is doomed to perish by it.

Edward VII is dead, but he is still stronger than I, who am alive.

And yet there have been people who thought that England might be won or placated by this or that petty expedient! ! ! Unceasingly, unyieldingly, she has pursued her aim by means of notes, proposals for a naval holiday, scares, Haldane, etc., until the desired point had been reached. And we fell into the trap; we even introduced the one-ship-a-year rate of construction into our programme, in the touching hope that we might thereby reassure England! ! ! All my warnings, all my entreaties, fell upon deaf ears. Now comes England's so-called thanks for all this. Out of the dilemma of allied loyalty toward the venerable old Emperor (Francis Joseph) is being created for us the situation which gives England the desired pretext for destroying us, with the hypocritical semblance of justice presented by helping France to maintain the notorious balance of power in Europe; in other words, all the states of Europe are to be played off against us for the benefit of England!

All these machinations must now un-

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sparingly be laid bare: the mask of Christian peaceableness must be openly and violently torn from them in public, and this Pharisaical pretense of peace must be pilloried! ! And our consuls in Turkey and India, our agents, etc., must inflame the whole of the Mohammedan world into a savage uprising against this hated, lying, unscrupulous nation of hucksters. For if we are to bleed to death, England shall at the very least lose India!

Of King Victor Emanuel of Italy, the Kaiser demanded, through a special envoy, 'the immediate mobilization of the Italian army and navy,' in accordance with the Berlin interpretation of the Triple Alliance Treaty, and, on the receipt of a direct communication explaining why Italy could not join Austria and Germany, wrote the word 'scoundrel' immediately after the King's signature. 'Like master, like man,' and on August 5, after the receipt of the British declaration of war, von Moltke, Chief of the General Staff, addressed the following memorandum to the Foreign Office in Berlin:

England's declaration of war, which, according to trustworthy information, was designed from the very beginning of the conflict, compels us to exhaust every means that may contribute to victory. The grave situation in which the Fatherland finds itself makes it a duty to resort to every means that is calculated to injure the enemy. The unscrupulous policy which our adversaries are conducting against us warrants ruthless action on our part.

The insurrection of Poland has been initiated. The seed will fall on fruitful soil; our troops have already been greeted in Poland almost as friends. At Wloclavek, for example, they have been welcomed with bread and salt. The sentiment of America is friendly to Germany. American public opinion is indignant at the shameful way in which we have been treated. Every effort must be made to turn this sentiment to account. The influential personages of the German colony must be urged to exert further influence in our sense upon the press. It may, perhaps, prove possible to induce the United States to take naval action against England, in return for which Canada beckons as the prize of victory.

Important above all, as I have already explained in my communication of the 2d instant (No. 1, P.), are the insurrection of India and Egypt, and also of the Caucasus. By means of our treaty with Turkey the Foreign Office will be in a position to realize this idea, and to excite the fanaticism of Islam.

The London Telegraph, December 12, 1919

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THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE TREATY

BY AUSTIN HARRISON

THE Americanization of the Treaty by the United States Senate is by far the most momentous event that has taken place since the armistice, for not only does it throw all Europe back upon the imponderabilia of politics, but in an immediate and absolute sense it will force us all, whether Polish nationalist or Italian irredentist, to think — perhaps for the first time again since the outbreak of war. Months ago this eventuality was anticipated in the *English Review;* month after month it has been pointed out that Republican America would not blindly pledge herself to uphold and fight for a Treaty which every American at Paris condemned; which offended American national spirit; which would make America the catspaw, banker, and arsenal of agonized Europe; which, finally, would syndicate a Treaty violated and contradicted by a covenant which again, if it meant anything, violated and contradicted the Treaty.

Newspapers will no doubt deplore this 'unfortunate' event, and we shall be told by academic Liberalism that the League of Nations is consequently imperiled, and by opponents of the League that it is scotched, while militarists will assure us that Utopianism always was a visionary snare and that force is the only dignified argument of man. But in reality such pessimism is entirely unjustified. On the contrary, the reservations of the American Senate will prove supremely beneficial to Europe and to the world, for in substance they denote a return to sanity and from the quarter which economically controls; which must, therefore, no matter what attempts are made publicly or surreptitiously to obscure and prejudice the position, eventually compel politicians and public to reconsider the European situation from the angle not of destruction but of construction.

The bitter truth is simply this. Politicians at Paris made a peace which is economically unworkable. Those who care to know how men came to do a thing at once so silly and irresponsible can learn from a perusal of Dr. Dillon's scathing analysis and indictment, *The Peace Conference;* those who want to know — and it is every man's duty to know — what the Treaty means can inform themselves in half an hour by reading a little work called *The Peace Treaty*, issued by the Swarthmore Press. Europe has been regrouped on strategic or military lines; that is the net result, and so far has this design been carried out that half of all Europe has been reduced to a system of non-economic units, this system to be standardized and upheld by a covenant, as an integral part of the Treaty, euphemizing the rearrangement under a Supreme Council, called the League of Nations, which was to be the cornerstone of the new order. America's attitude dissipates this illusion. We return to reality. Once more we return to practical politics.

It is very important that we should clearly grasp the full meaning of this qualification, because there are only two world powers left at this hour —

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Britain and America — and obviously if one goes out, we, as the control, incur the responsibility for the whole; that is, are liable, as the largest and only true *solvent* shareholders in the concern, to provide the necessary money and the indispensable militarism which alone can maintain a Treaty based on starvation, throttling two Powers, one of seventy million people and the other of one hundred and fifty million. At Paris, the politicians, taking the measure of President Wilson, reckoned that they could regroup Europe to their hearts' content, like a nursery garden, *on the support* of America, and they set to work accordingly. The idea was economic control, or the control of raw materials, which, with the control of the seas, would give the covenant grouping supreme authority over Europe, who would consequently be dependent for production upon the good will of the Supreme Council. It was a helot peace founded upon economic world-control, guaranteed by the League of Nations.

This idea can no longer be carried out, because America refuses to pledge herself to fight for the racial, linguistic, tribal, sectarian, and imperial animosities, jealousies, greeds, and rapacities of old Europe, thus leaving Europe to herself. Now the effect of this is primarily economic. It concerns the British Empire vitally. It means that the whole outlook must be reconsidered — upon a new basis. It imposes upon Britain the immediate duty of seeking a fresh orientation, or accepting the full liability of our position ordained in the Treaty as the chief constable of Europe ready and willing to fight at any moment and in any spot to uphold the dislocations from the Rhine to the Urals and from the Baltic to the Mediterranean created by a Treaty whose basic design was the military domination in Europe of France, which we alone are rich enough and powerful enough to safeguard, even for twelve months, if force is to remain the meaning of statesmanship and of the so-called new order.

It was because I foresaw this *impasse* that I opposed the Prime Minister at the Carnarvon Boroughs in the last elections. I saw what an ebullition mandate would imply. But men refused mind at that time. The Prime Minister was accordingly sent to Paris on a hurricane mandate of victimization to 'down' President Wilson. He did 'down' him. Now the President has been 'downed.' We return to where we were — before the wild election. But there is nothing catastrophic in the fact that America differs from Mr. Bottomley. It is quite reasonable and quite inevitable. The only thing is that now we shall have to think; think intelligently, or Europe, already sinking into mediæval chaos, will drift even this winter into the night of madness and anarchy, for which we shall be directly responsible.

That is the position. The question is: What does this breakdown signify? Does it mean that the League of Nations is dead? Will it help or retard? It is my deliberate opinion that it will prove eminently helpful, and for this reason. We in Britain will now have to come down to earth and face the facts, not only the facts as they confront us in a Balkanized, Bolshefied Europe, with all that such a condition must mean to us, to our markets or selling power, and to our home political difficulties, but essentially the problem of our *credit hypothecated on the security of an anarchy*, which we alone can uphold or dissolve.

It is idle to blink this truth. We shall now have to decide — and our decision will be cosmic in its incidence — whether we can afford to be the chief constable *and banker* of an an-

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archic Europe; or whether, seeing that we cannot afford this luxury (I challenge any banker, thinker, or economist in the country to maintain even in a newspaper article that we can afford it alone without America), we had better not immediately reconsider our militarist obligations, in the light of what we can afford in the healthy, selfish interest of ourselves and of the whole, which, of course, is our interest, both economically and culturally. Submit the question to any ten bankers and they will answer unanimously that we cannot afford the office of supreme military controller.

What then? Our course is clear. It is to begin all over again. It is to get a clear objective of what we want and what we can afford. That is, of course, economics. At once we come down to earth. Our inherent national reason returns. We shall begin to think intelligently once more. We shall see that Europe cannot be regrouped on a non-economic basis, because, if so, we cannot trade. Now we live by trading. As the mistress of the seas, trade is, indeed, our world trust and the justification of our position. We won to that right through sanity, we dare not refuse sanity; more, we cannot refuse it. We shall quickly discover now that the economics of Paris were wrong, that in consequence it is Britain's bounden duty to adjust them on the only conditions that they can be put right, namely, on lines of opportunity and peace-assuring coöperation.

I am thus supremely optimistic. Our national sanity has never yet failed us, it will not fail us at this conjuncture. After all, it is merely a question of attitude, and all that is necessary is for men to remember that the war is over and won, and that peace is an entirely opposite condition, the meaning of which is life. If we want peace, that is harmony, production, progress, 'returns,' we must cease making war; we must permit normal conditions of trade, establish stable economic foundations, re-create facilities for production, politically restore confidence. We have done precisely the opposite. Neither Germany nor Austria can live by the terms of the present Treaty because they have been deprived of 'raw' and so are unable to produce. All Russia is in abysmal chaos. Italy has jerked herself out of the Treaty into predatory imperialism. In Poland, in Czecho-Slovakia, absolute political anarchy reigns. The whole Eastern problem is simmering with danger. Nowhere, not even in Alsace-Lorraine, is there harmony.

There can be no indemnities because Germany has been reduced to an impoverished country which can hardly feed her population; she has no credit and therefore cannot buy. Her money is valueless; she is rapidly being driven back into militarism, which literally is her only alternative to Bolshevism. All this our own economists at Paris fully realized and resigned in consequence. To put it succinctly, the politicians made a peace which in reality is war, as we are to-day dimly realizing. All Europe east of the Rhine is in ferment and economic stagnation. There is no production and no credit. To sell even to our Allies, we have to advance paper credit, that is, to increase our national debt. Not a people is satisfied either with the new boundaries or the new economic dispositions. A military grouping has been established in Eastern Europe, which has no economic foundations and not even political adhesions. Thus Roumania defies the Supreme Council and Italy defies the Council; soon all will defy that body; the Czechs are treating the Slovaks precisely as the Austrians formerly treated them.

All Europe is a landslide, drifting

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into robber bands, starvation, madness, incoherency. Permanent war points have been created over Syria, Persia, Russia, Italy, China, and the Far East. Nowhere is there the semblance of order or even of authority. In a word, we are rapidly losing the peace, morally and economically, and if the situation continues much longer half Europe will be in uproar and we shall all be plunged into utter darkness.

Not a word of this is exaggeration. Our politicians know it. America knows it. Now America says to us: 'If you want chaos, have it, but it is not our business. We do not intend to be involved in the inevitable crash of a continent which refuses common sense.' I do not think we shall take the crash either, for it is not our way. Thus in reality the whole situation is simplified. We shall have to see the whole as a whole, that is all. We shall have to think from Threadneedle Street, not from the hustings, and to measure our liabilities accordingly. To quote Lord Fisher, our national task is to get back to the 'footrule' and really understand that there are twelve inches to a foot. And this little adjustment will not really be difficult, although in the process there may be no little commotion, because one great, illuminating reality has emerged from the welter, namely, our reaffirmation in the civilization of America who henceforth lives with us, as one indivisible truth. That is up to the present the outstanding issue of the war: Anglo-Saxon civilization is one.

The two world powers left have historically become one world power in purpose and meaning; in other words, we have gone westward, not eastward, upon the European continent, as unthinking politicians imagined. All the map-making of Paris is fly-blown compared with this determining and creative oneness of natural configuration, and if we hold on to that single truth we shall weather this storm and all others. And this is our Polar Star. We shall ignore it at our life's peril. To-day, too, we must decide. Our choice is this. Either to steer by our destiny in coöperation with America or to defy that destiny. We can say, 'No, we will be the European military dictator and so risk the continuity of our New World attachment; or throw in our lot for progress.' If the former, then we must have a supreme army and navy permanently ready for all emergencies, in which case there will be no new order, or strike out boldly for that new order, in which case the work of Paris must be undone, and Europe will have to be reconstructed on a basis of real peace instead of, as to-day, on *foci* of interminable war.

We need not concern ourselves with the League of Nations, which will come now in due time, yet can only come when principle once more governs statesmanship and sincerity is real enough to enforce it; for the nonce the League is but a project, the salient fact is the breakdown of what diplomatists call the 'Concert,' written in a tome of one hundred thousand words (ninety thousand too many) at Paris. Very quickly Mr. Lloyd George will have to ask himself what he is going to do. If we are to go on, we ought to remobilize the army immediately. If not, what? No good now sighing for President Wilson. Useless to-day regret and recrimination. The word belongs to our bankers. Do they like the look of the credit position? If not, what do they propose to do? Once more Mr. Lloyd George has a unique opportunity such as falls to few ministers in a century. For he cannot stand still and await events, or they will overtake him disastrously. He must act. Like Pitt, he ought to say to his secretaries: 'Roll

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up that map.' 'Ring up the Bank of England.'

It is the lure of the map that has done the mischief — ever the conqueror's pitfall — in association with the stupendous ignorance of the map makers who, struggling between M. Clemenceau's law of 'twelve million bayonets' and Mr. Wilson's intellectual nihilism, thought in terms of territories instead of economics, forgetful that the great big wheel of modern life revolves on credit and not on boundaries, as it did in the jovial days of Louis XIV and Napoleon. And so, as President Wilson's points turned out to be the 'joker,' so too has American sanction.

We return to 'open covenants.' America prefers life, that is, trade, to confusion. She refuses to paint Europe red, white, and blue, and really no man can be surprised if the people of George Washington decline to play the 'nigger in the fire' to European hate and hugger-mugger. No doubt this shock will at first confound, but soon it will steady us, and then quietly we shall take our bearings. This time we shall have to think economically instead of politically. We shall have to consider not boundaries but markets. Our objective must be peace instead of war to make democracy safe for war. The Stock Exchange will perhaps burn a few more newspapers.

I repeat: Mr. Lloyd George once more has a world opportunity. The authority of the Supreme Council is to-day simply force, and Europe will naturally make its dispositions accordingly. If Italy pounces upon Dalmatia, the League cannot justly interfere. If the Jugo-Slavs attack the Italians, the League has no status. The Treaty itself can now only be enforced by force.

In plain language, there is no moral authority but the bayonet, which is the negation of economics. Now unless we obtain a working equation for our economics, Europe will crash and we shall be involved in the collapse. Economics, therefore, are our immediate necessity, European economics, and even they can now only be induced at the point of the bayonet. The twelve million army philosophy is thus reduced to a bayonet point, which we shall have to pay for. Can we? Ask D'Annunzio, or Paderewski, or Denikin, or Lord Reading.

It is a pretty big muddle, due entirely to the folly of the politicians, as we shall discover when John Bull is asked to pay the bill. Nor shall we begin to see a way out until we realize that economics must be the basis of our orientation and that economics mean peace and not war.

If Mr. Lloyd George will be quick and return to principle, there should be no great difficulty in obtaining a constructive policy, for democracy will assuredly support any reasonable line which can secure results as distinct from a policy of words which no man any longer believes in. America's secession leaves us with a caldron of troubles, which will not be lessened by her isolation; thus Ireland, India, Syria, Mesopotamia, the Near East, and the Far East, and the whole morphology of Empire, largely complicated by the new device of mandates, which will test our civilization to the core.

We cannot play with this legacy. We cannot expect Europe to regard us as the arbiter of justice so long as we can only govern Ireland with tanks, nor shall we find an equation with America until we ourselves testify in Ireland to our own sincerity. There we have a root issue. It will prove determinative. We move with America toward the new order through Ireland, or we move into Europe and disorder.

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We have come to our points. Now we must attest or the whole Treaty of Paris will dissolve and we shall be left with but another scrap of paper.

This then is our opportunity. Our civilization stands at the bar of judgment. To cast the dice on a throw of fortune will be madness, only sheer constructive thinking can pull us through the ordeal of peace which today faces us, which in some ways will be more difficult, and even more hazardous, than the ordeal of war. I am confident, for our civilization is surely no fortuity, and in the hour of need never yet has the robust common sense of Britain failed.

If Mr. Lloyd George will have a quiet hour with his bankers and a day all alone on some hill-top, he may yet rediscover his true and useful purpose, and in acquiring a policy lead back this country to its own truth and so Europe onward to construction. It will be very, very serious if he fails us. Perhaps the quickest way would be to go to the country on the democratic issue at stake, for, like the American President, he too no longer has the needful sanction. To this pass have three men, trying in secrecy to reconstitute the world, brought us. Mr. Lloyd George must go back to first principles, to parliament, and to economics; he can no longer rule through an unrepresentative parliament. But he must be quick. The chaos in Europe will begin when he tries to hang the Kaiser and demands the war culprits, from which policy America has dissociated herself. If we insist upon that policy, we shall forfeit the sympathy of the world. The lesson and tragedy of President Wilson is a world-lesson. It hoists the signal that the war is over and that politicians are again mortal. America's reservation thus prescribes our task and opportunity, which is to return to fundamentals and to rebuild sanely, nobly, and constructively in the interests of our own truth and of humanity.

The English Review, December

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THE BANKRUPTCY OF COMMUNISM IN RUSSIA

BY W. STEPHEN SANDERS

THE Bolshevist rulers of Russia acquired the despotic power they hold chiefly by their clever and unscrupulous attacks upon the other Russian Socialist and Social Revolutionary parties, and by their promises to the workers to bring about a régime of a purely communist character, untainted by compromises with capitalist institutions and methods. The Bolsheviki contended that other sections of the Russian Socialist movement were opportunist and bourgeois in their political and economic ideas. Lenin and his colleagues declared that, if they were given authority, the proletarian and the peasant would become, through the 'Dictatorship of the Proletariat,' the founders of a new order of society embodying communist principles and a new form of democracy, which would be infinitely superior to any other political and social system either of the present or the past. The state would be abolished and the commune established in its place; bureaucracy would disappear or be rendered harmless by the 'primitive' democracy of the Soviet; industry would be controlled by the workers, who would thus be emancipated from capitalist slavery. It is no wonder that the ignorant and impressionable Russian workmen succumbed to this dazzling programme of political and industrial revolution.

The Bolsheviki have now been in control of Russia for two years, and the question is naturally being asked: How have they managed to do it? Is it by keeping their promises and carrying out their programme? Or have they discovered some other means of retaining support?

Judging from the reports and speeches of the unquestioned intellectual leader of the Bolsheviki, Lenin, and the statements of sympathetic visitors to Russia, it would appear that the Bolshevist rulers have been able to hold their own by becoming, on the one hand, even more opportunist than their more moderate Socialist rivals, and on the other by using their power in the most ruthless and despotic fashion. With regard to their political programme, the idea of the commune being the basis of authority and the National Executive merely the representatives of a loose federation of practically autonomous communes has been given up in practice. If the Soviet system had been developed on its original lines, even with the franchise and the right of being elected limited to the 'proletariat,' it would have been an interesting and perhaps useful experiment in decentralization. But although the Soviet form has been retained, the centre of authority has completely shifted. Practically all effective power is now in the hands of the Peoples' Commissars, who are elected by the Executive Committee of the All Russia Congress of Soviets, which in turn is elected by indirect election through a hierarchy of Soviets of provinces, districts, and villages. There is no pretense that the electors, even of the local Soviets, are free and untrammeled in their choice of representatives or delegates. Hence the

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Peoples' Commissars, who, to quote Professor Goode,— a by no means unsympathetic critic of Bolshevism,— are 'men of grip who shrink from no act which they think justifiable in the interests of the government,' have become the real, unchecked legislators, administrators, and executive for the whole of Soviet Russia. They do not hesitate to break the rules of the paper constitution of the Republic, if they think fit. The 'Dictatorship of the Proletariat' is, in reality, the dictatorship of a few clever and unscrupulous 'Intelligentsia,' who know how to cover their arbitrary acts with high-sounding phrases and to manipulate the 'primitive' democracy — deliberately left primitive — of the Soviet system, so as to give the appearance of a shadowy popular control over the individual dictators.

With regard to the industrial programme of the Bolsheviki, there is no doubt that in its original form it has completely failed. Management of factories and workshops by workmen's Soviets admittedly led to the stoppage of production and economic chaos. The hasty 'nationalization' of industries and services without necessary forethought and preparation led to dislocation and, in many cases, to complete breakdown. Lenin has tried to meet the situation by frankly throwing over the principles and methods of communism. In a speech reported in the *Izvestia* of May 30, 1918, he declared that it was necessary to bring about a system of state capitalism similar to that instituted and developed in Germany before the war. This he contended would lead to state Socialism, which is 'centralization, control, socialization.' 'Only madmen,' said Lenin, 'whose heads are full of formulas and doctrines, can deny that state Socialism is our salvation.'

The methods to be used to bring about this German state capitalism or state Socialism are laid down in resolutions drawn up and issued as decrees by the Executive Committee of the All Russia Congress of Soviets on April 30, 1918. All provincial and local Soviets are ordered to institute a proper system of statistics and organization in the production and distribution of commodities. As it is impossible to do this without the aid of the hated bourgeoisie endeavors must be made, regardless of expense, to secure technical experts, who, if necessary, are to receive salaries ten to twenty times higher than those paid to skilled workmen. In all factories and workshops piecework is to replace work by time, scientific management of industry on the lines of the Taylor system is to be introduced, and wages are to be based upon the productivity of the factory and revenue returns of the railways and similar services. Dictators are to be appointed in the factories and workshops who are to be obeyed without question. An 'iron' discipline in industry must be enforced, and all recalcitrants brought before a disciplinary court and punished 'mercilessly.' Finally, 'nationalization must go no further'; individual enterprise must be allowed to go on.

It is reported that these decrees have been to some extent put into force, and have brought a certain degree of order out of industrial anarchy, and some improvement in production. In effect they are the negation of all the industrial hopes of the communists who backed Lenin and Trotzky in the revolution of November, 1917. The left wing of the communist party, feeling that they have been 'sold,' have not been slow to raise their voices against this reversion to capitalist methods, which they describe as 'Industrial Tsarism.' But Lenin dismisses their criticisms and complaints as the utterances of mere dreamers, or of the petty

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bourgeoisie, or of 'anarcho-syndicalists.' It is evident that the Bolshevist dictator has no sympathy with the ideas of self-government in industry which are growing among the trade unionists of Great Britain under the name of Guild Socialism, or the Shop Stewards, or the Rank-and-File movements. Such ideas he brands as bourgeois, or syndicalist, or anarchical, because they obviously do not fit in with his scheme of a highly-centralized, rigidly bureaucratic form of state Socialism. Even an organization similar to a British trade union would not be tolerated by the Bolsheviki. Strikes against the factory dictator have been quickly suppressed by the cancelation of the strikers' bread cards, and when this action led to demonstrations, machine guns came into play.

In another direction communism has failed: that is, in relation to the coöperative societies. Lenin has tried to bring them under the full control of the Central Executive of the Soviets, on the ground that they are bourgeois institutions, opposed to the spirit of communism. But his efforts have not succeeded, and he has been compelled to allow them to exist independently of the state.

In their agrarian policy the Bolsheviki have had to rest content with granting the peasants who had seized land the right to individual ownership, and thus to give up the principle of communism, except in relation to comparatively small portions of large estates which they are running as state farms. By this compromise with their principles, they have doubtless secured the support of the peasants, who have no sympathy with land nationalization or communism, as understood in western countries, but who fear that, should the Bolsheviki be overthrown, either by internal or by external enemies, they might lose the land they now hold.

It is impossible to discover how far the Russian industrial workmen are content with the régime which promised them political and economic freedom and now gives them instead 'iron' discipline in the service of a state capitalism rigidly bureaucratic and highly centralized — over which the workers, in spite of Lenin's specious verbiage about the 'will of the masses' being united with 'absolute submission to the will of one person,' has no share of control. The industrial workmen can be more easily 'disciplined' than the peasants, so that they are less likely to show signs of revolt. And as the workers are given as large a share as possible of the food obtainable while they remain obedient to their political and industrial dictators, and are also provided with opportunities for free instruction of a kind, together with cheap amusements, they may believe that they are better off than, say, the average British trade unionist, who, they are told constantly, is a serf of the capitalist class.

Moreover, the Russian workmen are allowed to give vent to their feelings at meetings on all kinds of subjects, provided they do not express antipathy to Bolshevism and thereby become liable to denunciation and arrest as counter-revolutionaries. These meetings form valuable safety-valves for discontent, as the Russian is still much inclined to imagine that he has done something of vital importance when he has made a speech. In any case he may feel himself to be a freer man by this exercise than he was under the Tsar, and may be satisfied with the position assigned to him by his latest rulers. His notorious docility may even permit the Bolsheviki in the course of time to train a race of indus-

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trial conscripts, who will become the efficient man-power for the scheme of state capitalism which Lenin has planned.

If the Bolsheviki keep their hold upon the reins of government, they will have ample time for this purpose, as their theorists, including Lenin, argue that the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, that is to say, the Bolshevist dictatorship, is no temporary expedient for a short period of rapid change, to be followed quickly by a more democratic system, but one which must continue for at least a generation and may become permanent. It is possible that Lenin is right in thinking and declaring that Russia is so backward that the only possible form of government is that of a dictatorship, and that, naturally, under the circumstances, he prefers that he and his colleagues should be the dictators. But it should be understood that, on Lenin's own statements, what is being established now in Russia is not Communism or Social Democracy, as understood by the modern western world, but something quite different — the Servile State.

The New Europe, December 4, 1919

A VISIT TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

BY S. R. LYSAGHT

HAVING, as a traveler from West to East, lost a certain number of minutes daily for some months, and found these again accumulated and restored to me in the addition of a new day to my calendar, it happened that it was Easter Sunday in 1894, on board a little steamer bound from the Friendly Islands to Samoa on the morning before we arrived at Apia, and that it was also Easter Sunday next morning when we landed. The minutes of the days lost on the journey from England had not been missed; the day gained, that second Easter Sunday, is one of the most memorable of my life, for it introduced me to Robert Louis Stevenson.

A deep blue sea, a coral shore fringed with palm trees, and, beyond it, mountains covered to the summits in tangled forest, is the first impression you get of the island. Further acquaintance hardly changes it; the skies seem always blue, the seas always calm, in the forest there is always silence, in the distance a lonely sound of water breaking on the coral reef — 'A land in which it seemed always afternoon.' You might think that no man who had lived here for any length of time could escape its influence; that possibly a poet might write something like *The Lotus Eaters* here, probably write nothing at all, but that he could not produce work to stir the pulses of men and kindle their heroic instincts. Until you had met and spoken with Stevenson: then you realized how little dependent a man of genius is on his surroundings, how much more he has to give from within himself than to receive from without. From the road that led up through the tropical forest

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I passed through the gate of Vailima into the north country. I had been drifting among the islands, receiving idle impressions, desiring neither to think nor to act, and meeting no one who did either; and an hour after finding myself in Stevenson's company I was in a world of movement and activity, of brave effort and stimulating ideas. The silence of the forests enfolded us, the great blue ring of untroubled ocean lay beyond them and the hush of the waters on the reef reached our ears, but now the atmosphere seemed rather that of bracing northeastern coasts and of morning on the hills of heather.

Something, perhaps, of the welcome I received from Stevenson was due to my privilege of bearing a letter of introduction to him from the man whose work he ranked higher than that of any living author. Anyone sent to him by Mr. George Meredith would have been sure of kindness, but such kindness as I received was more than vicarious; it was, as others have found it, spontaneous and complete, the outcome of a nature that neither knew half-heartedness nor understood the meaning of condescension. As I was one of the last of his British visitors and saw him some years later than most of the friends at home who keep a loving memory of his appearance in their hearts, it may be interesting to give a sketch, however rough, of the man as he impressed me.

The first thing that struck me was his bearing. He was so slender that he looked taller than he really was; he was barefooted and walked with a long and curiously marked step, light but almost metrical, in accord, it seemed, with some movement of his mind. It was his constant habit to pace to and fro as he conversed, and his step and speech seemed in harmony. He spoke always deliberately, if not slowly, but he never halted or hesitated; the fitting word was as ready to his tongue as to his pen — perhaps more ready, for we know the pains which he took in seeking it in his writing. He did not stoop, but in walking, his body was somewhat inclined forward, and in his attitude generally there was something unusual, distinguished, almost fantastic. His bearing remains in my memory as unlike that of any other human being I ever saw, and only less noteworthy than his eyes. His face was illumined by his eyes: it was his eyes you saw first, his eyes you remembered. Regarded separately, you might notice in his jaw and chin, especially when seen in profile, contours of rude, almost aggressive strength; in the lines about his mouth an expression which suggested exceptional power of scorn or sarcasm rather than that kindness in judgment and generous affection which were most characteristic of him in his attitude to his fellow men. But his eyes transfigured his face, and in their light its hardest lines grew attractive. You may see them in his many photographs, wide apart, alert as at times when he was listening attentively, but not as when they brightened at a memory, or as when they flashed with indignation, or as when the smile forerunning a humorous thought was dawning in them.

I had expected, after all I had heard of his ill health, to find a pale, delicate-looking man, and his photographs had led me to picture one with long hair worn somewhat after the fashion in which popular fancy adorns a bard; but in both preconceptions I was wrong. His skin was of a ruddy tinge, his face had a look of health, in spite of thinness, and his hair was cut short and brushed in a very ordinary fashion. Of all the photographs I have seen of him, that taken at Sydney in 1892 and reproduced as a frontispiece to the

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Vailima Letters (the Edinburgh edition reproduction is better than the etching in the first edition) is most in accord with the impression I got of him when I saw him in that last year of his life.

Of the life in Samoa there is abundant record in the *Vailima Letters*, and I could add little that would be of value. There is much of interest in the island, but its chief attraction was conferred by Stevenson's presence, and what little I have to relate must be of himself. His immediate surroundings struck me as being essentially happy, affection and cheerfulness reigned in his home, the true spirit of comradeship was found there, 'the true word of welcome was spoken in the door.'

This atmosphere of fellowship extended beyond the inner family circle; the strong clan instinct which survived in the master of the house found a response in the sentiments of the natives; his servants, all men, sixteen in number at the time of my visit, were as members of one family, jealous for its honor, as ready to fight as to cook or dig on its behalf; and his influence had gradually extended far outside the limits of his household and gave him a position something akin to that of the chief of a clan in his part of the island. Of this I heard much and saw something; for while I was staying in the house there were constant visits, sometimes from parties of natives, sometimes from chiefs of the surrounding districts, seeking his advice and ready to obey his counsel in connection with the political troubles of which he has spoken so fully in *The Footnote to History* and the letters to the *Times*. These visitors would be received with ceremony, for he never failed to observe the traditional native customs, and, before parting, the Khava would be mixed and served with solemn rites.

I believe he was proud of the position of authority he had won, without effort, by mere force of character and sympathy, and that the responsibilities which it brought upon him added much to the interest of his life in the island. At the time of my visit there was a little war going on. Tamasésé, who represented the native party hostile to the German influence, was in rebellion, and the woods about Vailima were full of native warriors. Eight of the servants were away fighting, some few heads had been taken, and the ladies (Mrs. Stevenson and Mrs. Strong) had been sent down to Apia for their better safety. Their hospitality, however, was great and their fear small, for they made the presence of a guest a sufficient reason for their return.

There are no doors at Vailima, curtains only divide the lower rooms from the veranda; and before retiring on the night of my arrival I asked Stevenson whether, as the woods were full of armed men, some of them perhaps enemies of the house, it would be well to have my revolver loaded in case of surprise. He laughed at the idea and said it was an unknown thing in the annals of the island for attack to be made upon sleepers — that, indeed, the native rules of war are more like those which governed old tournaments than modern battles, each side being allowed the fullest opportunity for preparation, and a notification being sent from one side to the other before a battle, naming the hour proposed for the attack.

I remember waking at six o'clock next morning and finding Tusitala, as Stevenson was always called, standing at my bedside. Having congratulated me on my escape from assassination during the night, and spoken after the manner of the earlier riser on the beautiful hours of morning already wasted in bed, he conducted me across the enclosure of cleared forest west of the

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house, and showed me the bathing place, a deep pool in the stream which flowed under Vaea Mountain. He explained to me that it was after the three streams which met hard by that the estate was named, but that the word for 'three waters' not being euphonious, Vailima, which means 'four waters,' had been substituted, a poetic license which he thought permissible. After my experience of the heat of the previous day, the extreme cold of the water was a surprise, and at that time in the morning the air was so fresh and invigorating that it was difficult to believe that you were in the tropics; indeed, for Stevenson the cold of the stream was too severe, and he had to be content with a tub indoors.

After bathing, the subsequent order of the day was as follows: We breakfasted at seven, clothed in flannels and barefooted, for no one at Vailima wore shoes until dinner time. After breakfast, I believe, Stevenson was in the habit of working up to lunch time; but for the week I was with him he almost entirely abandoned work; and no one was sorry for this, for he had been working over-hard, and rest and conversation, with one who knew many of his old friends, did him good. I was, indeed, a gainer by his abstention, for I had, for long hours daily, the most wonderful of comrades: his spirits never flagged, his talk was always inspiriting, his point of view always original. There was nothing of the invalid, no suggestion of failing strength about him; he had a zest for life, he 'cherished it in every fibre'; there was a gift of *light* in him which seemed to radiate and make bright every topic he touched.

During these conversations he talked often of home and old friends, much of literature and of his own work, especially *Weir of Hermiston*. I can see him now, sitting on the side of his camp-bed in the little room in which he did most of his work and reading to me the first chapters of that great book; I can hear the tone of his voice and see the changing expression of his face as he read; for he was in love with the work, happier in it, perhaps, than in anything he had ever done, and his reading showed his interest. He had no more false modesty in praising his own work when it pleased him than contempt in condemning it when he disapproved. 'Now, is n't that confoundedly good?' he said to me after finishing one of the chapters in *Weir*. He expressed to me, as I believe he wrote to Sir Sidney Colvin, his opinion that in this story he had touched his high-water mark; he told me something of its outline, and as in one, and that an important, point it differed from the notes furnished by Mrs. Strong, it will be heard with interest. The strongest scene in the book, he said,— the strongest scene he had ever conceived or would ever write,— was one in which the younger Kirstie came to her lover when he was in prison and confessed to him that she was with child by the man he had murdered. His eyes flashed with emotion as he spoke about it, and I cannot think that he had abandoned this climax. It is a climax, too, which would seem to be much more in harmony with the genius and conception of the story and characters than the ending sketched in the notes, which was no doubt an alternative with which he coquetted.

The other reading which I remember with greatest pleasure was of poems afterwards published among the *Songs of Travel*. We had had much discussion about rhythm, especially as to a tendency toward subtler and less regular rhythmical effects. He was disposed to think that in English verse the career of the regular and well-marked metres was almost complete, and that

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the poetry of the future would find expression in more complex harmonies. He cited the work of Mr. W. B. Yeats (whose poem 'The Lake Isle of Innesfree' was then a notable instance of the case in point) as an achievement in this direction, and he admitted that he had been attempting to tread the same path in some of his own later verse. Such were the second of the poems entitled 'Youth and Love,' 'To the heart of youth the world is a highway side,' — and that beginning 'In the highlands in the country places,' and perhaps also that most beautiful of all his poems, 'Home no more home to me,' where the music depends no less on the actual rhythm than on the right emphasis and sympathetic pause. Indeed, I believe that if I had not heard him read it I should have missed much of its rhythmical beauty. His aim was toward a greater subtlety of rhythm, a very different thing from the abandonment of metrical restriction which marks so many horrible productions in *vers libre*.

In a conversation on his own writings I alluded, perhaps injudiciously, to a fear expressed by George Meredith that his banishment from the great world of men, his inabi ity to keep in close touch with the social development of the time, might be a disadvantage to his work. He showed in reply an unexpected warmth which suggested that he really felt the burden of his exile but refused to admit it. 'It is all the better for a man's work if he wants it to be good and not merely popular,' he said, 'to be removed from these London influences. Human nature is always the same, and you see and understand it better when you are standing outside the crowd.'

Meredith thought otherwise, and defended his contention on hearing from me of Stevenson's comment. 'Human nature is not always the same,' he replied. 'The same forces may be always at work, but they find different expression in every generation, and it is the expression that chiefly concerns the writer of fiction.' It is an interesting subject for reflection, the more so that it produced such a divergence of opinion between two of the most distinguished writers of our time.

At the time of Stevenson's death I read some reports in the papers that he had grown despondent latterly about his own work, and believed that he was losing ground with his public. I believe these to have had no foundation. It struck me from all he said that he believed his best work was yet within him and that he was only beginning to get it outside him in *Weir of Hermiston*. Nor was there the slightest trace of despondency in his tone, either in reference to his work or his circumstances. The nearest approach to regret in anything he said about his work was a remark to the effect that he had fewer inspirations than when he was a younger man; but he suggested that he knew better how to entertain the inspirations when they came. And as to his surroundings, he was undoubtedly not discontented. His banishment from his friends at home was, of course, keenly felt; but he knew that it was inevitable and made the best of it, alluding rather to those expressions of old affection and new sympathy which every mail brought him from home than to the deprivations of his exile. The hope of seeing many of his friends as his guests at Vailima in the future was also constantly with him, and he never tired of speaking of old days and old friends; of Edinburgh, of the British Museum, of the Savile Club, of Box Hill, most frequently.

Much of our time was passed in conversation and reading, remaining indoors or on the veranda during the hot-

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ter hours of the day, and once or twice, when it grew cooler, walking or riding down to Apia. His appearance on horseback was amusing — dressed in white, with riding boots and a French peaked cap; chivalrous in his bearing, but mounted on a horse which would not have been owned by any self-respecting English costermonger, he almost suggested a South Sea Don Quixote. But in spite of appearances his horse was not an unserviceable beast, and perhaps few better could be found on the island.

At dinner in the evening, when all the household was assembled, Mrs. Stevenson and Mrs. Strong, Lloyd Osborne and Count Wurmbrand, a charming and cultivated Austrian soldier acting at the time as chief cowherd on he Stevenson farm, with the addition, on one or two occasions, of M. de Lautreppe, a French naturalist on a visit to the island, a delightful companion, we were a merry and odd-looking party. The evening dress of the island is of white drill for men, and generally white of some other material for ladies, but there is no very strict insistence on detail. But one rule was recognized by all of us, and that was the wearing of shoes and socks, which had been dispensed with during the day. Stevenson's costumes were remarkable, and it struck me that, though quite free from vanity, he found a curious pleasure in dressing, or as children say, 'in dressing up.' On one evening at dinner, I remember, he wore an Indian costume, an embroidered thing folded and crossed upon his chest. The dinner itself was always excellent, abounding in strange dishes of the Island, chiefly vegetable, and, in spite of the absence at the war of the head cook, admirably served. And the wine was a surprise: one does not expect to find good wine in the South Sea Islands, but here was of the best. Stevenson's artistic tastes and instincts included wine, and the Burgundy laid down in the Vailima cellar was worthy of its destination.

Tusitala had not only the art of conversation, but the art of making others talk their best and of establishing general conversation; and, with Mrs. Stevenson, herself one of the most brilliant of talkers, also present, the guests who did not find good cheer at table deserved to spend the rest of their lives in solitude and fasting. The music which followed dinner was perhaps the worst ever heard; it was not native music, which is beautiful, but was produced by Count Wurmbrand and myself. Every evening the count sang the 'Cruiskeen Lawn,' which he had learned in broken Irish at Vailima and sang to a tune of his own, and I played, with improprieties which were hardly noticed, so much out of tune was the piano, Scotch and Irish reels and jigs. Then arose Tusitala and, placing Teuila (Mrs. Strong) opposite to him, danced on the polished floor with a vigor seldom matched and a delight splendid to see.

It was usually between eleven and twelve o'clock when we went to bed, and, as we never rose later than six in the morning, the day must have been a long one, though it did not seem so at the time. My host was in the habit of conducting me to my room each night,— for he was punctual in the observation of courtesies,—and on our way thither we generally lingered on the veranda. Out over the great plain of the Pacific was a sky of such starlight as we do not see at home; the tropical forest all about us was profoundly silent, and from far away came the unvarying sound of the waters breaking on the coral reefs. He reveled in the beauty of the scene, but he admitted that he would gladly have exchanged it for the mist-enfolded

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coasts of the little islands he had left far away in the wintry seas.

My stay with him was too short: it would have been longer if I had known that I was not to see him again, and it was my own fault that it was not prolonged; but in one week he allowed me to know him intimately, and he was one of those whom to know is to love. He had the power of winning affection as well as admiration, by his writings, from people who had never met him, and all that personal charm which shines through his work was found in a more marked degree in himself. It is difficult to write of him critically or without enthusiasm. He seemed to me to be the most inspiring comrade who ever put hope into his fellows, the most courteous gentleman who ever conferred a favor while seeming to ask one, and the most heroic spirit that ever fought and fought to win with a good heart against desperate odds.

The Times

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH

BY J. C. STOBART

THERE is no doubt whatever about the need for it. Search high or low in our social world, you will find it full of laments and dissatisfaction. In the services commanding officers complain that their subalterns, even though they have been through the classical course at public schools and universities, cannot write a clear report. Headquarters themselves issue their orders and regulations in barbarous, unintelligible jargon. Government departments, manned by Greatsmen, wrap themselves in phrases of pompous obscurity, and cabinet ministers couch their decisions or agreements in terms of such ambiguity as to leave nobody certain of their meaning.

It would, however, be unjust to attribute bad English entirely to upper-class education, classical or modern. The business man in his 'esteemed favors,' though he may be more terse and polite, is not always able to convey what he intends. He lays the blame, when he fails to do so, upon the faulty education of his clerks and stenographers. The masses of the public too often show in practice that they simply cannot understand printed rules and directions. It is naturally too much to expect a universal diffusion of taste or elegance in the use of our language; but even when we feel the need of fine words to express deep feeling we choose for an obituary lines like these:

There's a lonely grave somewhere,
  Where our dear and brave boy sleeps;
There's a little home in England,
  Where mother and all of us weep.

or these:

Who knew that when he went away,
  Departing from his door,
How or when he would come back,
  Or whether never more?
For he who went away in health,
  In battle soon waylaid,
Which took him in the prime of life.
  To lie in a distant grave.

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No, there is little doubt of the need for teaching clearness and improving taste. As for correct and grammatical writing, one week's study of a popular daily newspaper yielded the following excerpts from a collection of two-score:

In the last resort we have to depend upon a jury drawn from the people to convict the scoundrel who has tainted our public life, and unless that jury does not do its duty, unless it is backed by the public sentiment of the people. . . .

The accused was ordered to pay £3, or a month's imprisonment in default.

At Paignton, in Devon, a gigantic plum pudding is made and distributed to the poor, which in 1897 weighed 250 pounds.

. . . the officers closed on him. In throwing him to the ground the revolver dropped from his hand.

The charge is 50 per cent higher than the same sheet may be bought in the street just outside. But what is a penny to an American?

—— —— had an unfortunate experience. While seated in his greenhouse it was wrecked by the wind, and on being extricated it was ascertained that both his legs were broken above the knee, necessitating his removal to the infirmary.

Provocation has been given by the hostile and shifty conduct of the Tibetan authorities, since the signing of the Treaty of 1890, which would have justified earlier punishment.

While riding in a hansom at Southport a runaway horse dashed into the conveyance, and the shaft of the trap penetrated her body, pinning her to the hansom, and causing almost instantaneous death.

But if you come to estimate a day's work — even in foot-pounds — the woman who cleans, bakes, washes, and takes to school six children, carries water and tramps upstairs and down for sixteen hours a day, need not fear comparison as to kinetic energy even with a miner working eight hours.

What is the schoolmaster doing about it? He is teaching a great variety of languages, ancient and foreign, sciences, arts and crafts, and among other things he is believed to teach 'English.' He has found out that it does not come by nature, and that a mastery of the English language cannot be assured by teaching something quite different. But as to the best method of teaching boys and girls to write, read, and appreciate good English there is a controversy. Just as in most other branches of education there is a traditional method and a reformed method. Upon the latter some of us build hopes of extraordinarily great achievements, and if these hopes lead us into impatience we must ask for pardon.

Though Mr. Mais* justly claims credit for originality in departing occasionally from the fixed lines of English teaching as it is practised in the public schools, his 'Course' mainly follows the traditional modes and is directed to the preparation of pupils for the orthodox type of examination.

The nature of the course is indicated by the chapter headings; for example: 'Grammar and Syntax—Analysis, Parsing, and Synthesis — Punctuation — Vocabulary — Letter Writing — Reproduction — Paraphrase — Dictation — Précis — Prosody — Figures of Speech — Indirect Speech — Essay Writing — Examination Papers.' There are, beside these thoroughly normal chapters, six pages on Elocution, Debating, Lecturing, Acting, etc., a useful list of cheap books for a home library, more than fifty critical pages on Shakespeare, and a regrettable† twenty-page chapter entitled 'Short History of English Literature.'

I think the author is trying to shake off a yoke which is not entirely congenial to him. But if he will make boys write essays on Scandinavia, explain Synecdoche, paraphrase Keats,

* *An English Course for Schools.* By S. B. P. Mais, Assistant Master at Tonbridge School and Examiner in English to the University of London. Grant Richards Ltd.; 6*s.* net.

† *e. g.* 'R. L. Stevenson represents the incurably romantic and is followed by Kipling and Conrad.'

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'condense the *Vision of Mirzah* to three hundred words,' he cannot complain if he is mistaken for one of the old régime and guillotined in distinguished company.

The traditional method begins with the copy-book and proceeds by way of dictation and formal exercises to its goal in the essay. Dictation is the core and kernel of it, for even when the exercise is called 'composition' the subjects are so chosen that the pupil needs detailed guidance throughout, and the results are practically uniform. The writing is accompanied by reading and grammar, but the reading is severely limited and the text is obscured by comment and minute explanation.

Poetry is not only studied with notes: it is analyzed and paraphrased and parsed. The grammar, which is also traditional, is alien both in its method and terminology. The people who invented 'English' in the middle of the nineteenth century were the classical grammarians who knew only one way of teaching a language, and had been forced under pressure from indignant parents to put 'English' on the syllabus.

They gave it an hour a week: they spent that hour in parsing, in declining uninflected nouns, in conjugating, in insisting that because the complement of a Latin or Greek copulative verb is in concord with its subject, therefore, 'It's *me*' must be wrong in English. They did violence to our tongue in other ways to make a Teutonic language fit a Latin system, introducing all sorts of unnecessary complications of gender, mood, and case, which do not exist. They transferred to English the whole cumbrous system of Latin grammatical terminology and then set harmless English children to explain their hideous technicalities. All because they had an hour to waste and were determined to waste it in the manner to which they were accustomed. They were assisted in this ambition by the Scotch professors of rhetoric who were especially strong in figures of speech.

And then they remarked with pain and surprise that their method did not succeed. Their scholars did not appreciate good literature when it was taught to them. They lacked originality in their composition. They were tongue-tied in their speaking and muddled in their writing. There was once a man who determined to teach his monkey to sing 'Voi che sapete,' an air of which he was inordinately fond. So he took an old stocking with a hole in the toe and two holes in the heel and turned it inside out in order to conceal the holes, and crammed it full with shavings and breadcrumbs, and fried it carefully and fed the monkey on it. When he complained that the monkey's voice was no better at the end of the course, his friends used to explain that it was because he was an old man and had lived in the reign of Queen Victoria.

Remember that this 'English' teaching has been well tried for more than fifty years. Substantially, the course we are considering now does not differ in its methods from books like Dalgleish's *English Composition in Prose and Verse Based on Grammatical Synthesis* of 1864 or Dr. William Smith's *English Course*. The subject subsists as a shuttlecock in a perpetual game of Badminton between examiners and teachers. If you ask the examiner of English why he continues to set such stupid questions, he replies quite rightly that he is forced to do so by the stupidity of the schoolmasters who teach it. If you ask the schoolmaster why he makes his 'English' the dullest subject in the syllabus, he will probably answer that he is preparing

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for the London Matriculation. If you look for an explanation of the method, you might surmise that the aim is to secure accuracy in grammar at all costs. But that is not the aim.

Mr. Mais explains it in a paragraph which he might well set for analysis of pronouns: 'Of all our failings as a nation, this is the most marked. In our talk we are reticent; in our writing we are incoherent and slipshod. Every schoolmaster knows from sad experience that the average boy cannot produce a readable essay on any subject, however hard he may try. He strives by every means in his power to instill a sense of originality in his classes, to teach his boys and girls to observe. . . .' Originality and observation!

To take the second first, every scoutmaster knows that observation can be taught, but not by dictation. Probably there is no faculty of the mind which responds so readily to training and practice. By systematic questioning a young child can be taught to notice the common objects by the wayside on his morning walk, the goods in the shop windows, the flowers in the garden, to remember them and describe them afterwards with great fidelity. A good teacher of infants can easily teach a child of six or seven to observe minute differences, to compare and contrast similar objects, such as the bulb of the iris and the corn of the crocus. This kind of observation is commonly appropriated by science, and it is, indeed, the same faculty which the physicist employs afterwards with his fine balances and test-tubes. But it is also, when reproduced in language, the beginning of good English.

Words are the balances. Careful description in words, written and spoken, of things actually seen is, when developed fully, more than half of the business of poets, journalists, and novelists. A few gifted mortals like Balzac, Gissing, or Hardy may possess the faculty by nature, but anyone may acquire it through early training and continuous practice. It can be lost almost as easily as it is won.

Can originality be taught? Less easily perhaps than observation. Real originality, in the sense of creative power, or what in its highest form we call 'Inspiration,' cannot be taught in school. Who taught Blake to see the tiger burning bright in midmost eighteenth-century London? There are some men born, apparently, to be our masters. Ideas flow not into them but out of them. They are the mainsprings of our mechanism. We attribute their origin to the wandering breath of some holy spirit. But in a humbler sense children can certainly be trained to be original, just as they can be trained by opposite methods to be commonplace, slavish, imitative, genteel, conventional, correct, and accommodating.

These virtues are taught with great diligence and success in many schools, public and private. In the earliest stage you copy in a beautiful copperplate handwriting words like 'England Expects Every,' and you read aloud very slowly from a little book which contains these words in immense type: 'Shun that ox he is shy.' You recite in chorus after teacher, you correct your speech by mimicking her accents and gestures. You sit, stand, or march to numbers at the word of command.

In the next stage you are promoted to dictation, and once a fortnight you write a composition. But as the theme is Duty or The Elephant or something about which you can hardly be expected to have connected notions, you are given the headings, told what to say, have your mistakes carefully underlined, and are then presented with a model or fair copy. Any departure

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from the normal, whether in spelling or in ideas, is heavily penalized, and no credit is given for positive merit. In the next stage you learn the art of letter writing by studying celebrated models, you paraphrase good poetry into bad prose, you analyze and parse and explain grammatical terms, you summarize and expand, you turn direct into indirect speech and generally feed your mind with a generous diet of cold minced hash.

If I were a little boy trained for years and years according to this plan, I hope I should be grateful to my teachers for all the trouble they had taken with me. But, if they then turned round upon me and reproached me with not being *original*, I should be sorely tempted to commit a breach of good English and say, 'That is the limit!'

In the pedagogical and psychological sense these methods are twenty years behind the times. They have been exploded in theory and disproved in practice. Each subject in its turn has fought its battle with the Dictation Method, and everywhere, except perhaps in religious instruction, the principle has been decided. In drawing, the freehand copy has given place to direct observation; in mathematics, mechanical working of rules and examples has been replaced by intelligence and problems. Even physical exercises are no longer mere drill.

Perhaps it is in the primary school that we shall find the right principles most clearly marked, if only because with the younger children the teacher is nearer to Nature and mistakes punish themselves more visibly. There also the dead weight of tradition has been less oppressive. Before Madame Montessori's star had risen above the firmament the best teachers in English infant schools had solved the fundamental problems of how to teach good English. The principle is that what the child speaks or writes shall come from its own brain. The first medium of expression is, of course, the tongue.

No children, not even English children, are tongue-tied by nature, but they are generally timid and sensitive. If they find their adult world discouraging communicativeness with anger, or sarcasm, or pedantry, they will close down upon the rock of silence like the limpet which you must smash before you move. Probably before he comes to school the child has already been silenced by a mother or father whose love will bear anything for the child except to listen to him. It is wonderful to watch the skilled teacher of infants repairing this mischief, re-establishing confidence between innocence and wisdom, unlocking hearts and tongues, creating an atmosphere of freedom in which she possesses, in reality, absolute control. Instead of limpets you behold sea-anemones full open.

The children talk at great length in coördinate construction about their mother and the baby's tooth, and when they have finished they sit quiet listening to others. Sometimes the teacher takes up her parable and tells them about Cinderella or the King of the Golden River. In other lessons other mediums of expression appear — pencils, chalk, plastic clay, music, dance, drama. The teacher continues unobtrusively feeding the children with beautiful things; she sings and plays to them, shows them pictures and exhibits gentleness, calm, and love.

Amid all the fog of controversy and all the noise of disputing cheap-jacks that surrounds the art and practice of education, I see some of these infants' classrooms as clear beacons showing the incontestably true course. I cannot see any limit of years to its progress.

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Many boys' and girls' schools have grasped the same principles and extended them to the age of fourteen with the same undeniable success in the results.

Naturally, as the child grows the method has to be adapted, but the principle remains steadfast. I would not describe it as 'freedom,' because the child is not free, though he feels free. One never doubts the existence of a controlling will. But what is encouraged is authentic expression. In writing, topics are set which draw out of the child's own world the child's own thoughts. He is guided to think for himself and to speak his thoughts fearlessly. The skill of the teacher is shown mainly in the choice of subjects and the discretion with which corrections are made. Observation is translated into description, first in speech and then, when the pencil has been mastered, in writing.

A child of nine may be asked to describe a corner of the classroom so that a blind man could understand exactly what is there and what it looks like. A child of twelve may be asked to describe the prettiest room she ever saw. A child of fourteen may be asked to describe the Harrow Road (*a*) on a Saturday night, (*b*) on a Sunday morning. Why stop at fourteen?

As well as observation and description, the infant school trains the elements of imagination and invention. Cannot the child who at eight years old wrote on 'If I were the King . . .' profitably be asked to write on 'If I had been Oliver Cromwell . . .' at eighteen? In one girls' school the teacher merely wrote on the blackboard, 'When the Moon went out' and left the rest to the class. In the same way children can be trained to argue *pro* and *contra* about problems of their own lives which clearly admit of argument, like 'Would you rather be six or sixteen?' 'Would you rather be a boy or a girl?'

People new to the method might suppose that, although the brighter children could possibly attack such themes with success, the ordinary or dull child would be left staring. It is not so. Whole classes of children trained in this way produce work which is pleasant to read. The essentials seem to be stimulating topics, authentic expression without dictation, and constant practice. To one who has seen the elementary steps there is no magic in the Perse Plays or the Draconian Poems. They are natural. It is dullness that is artificial. Real dullness, such as one finds in common rooms, mess rooms, pulpits, and government offices is the fruit of a long, careful, and generally expensive education in that quality.

In teaching a young person to speak and write you are also teaching him to think, because words represent thoughts. The adult may be able to think connectedly in silence, but the child generally cannot. The child's world is, however, at the largest a little one, and it is necessary to enlarge it by various means, including stories and pictures, songs and books. The book gradually becomes more prominent as the art of reading is mastered. A child constantly encouraged to express himself freely, always giving out and seldom taking in, would develop a number of unpleasant qualities. Therefore, reading is only second to writing in its importance.

A generous supply of good books is the second fundamental necessity of sound English teaching. So far as I know, no school has ever reached the limit in this direction. There is an excellent society which bases its method of teaching mainly on copious reading and has been able to multiply sevenfold the usual reading programme of

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primary schools. But they seem to put the book a little too much into the foreground. It is citizens that we seek to educate. For them books should be the background of real life. We do not all possess those opulent libraries into which Ruskin would turn his princesses to browse at will; but I subscribe to his doctrine in principle. Mere quantity of reading is a great thing. The more children read, the better they will choose their books.

Now these two things alone, authentic expression and copious reading, are capable of producing good English. Children taught well in these methods can, without any formal instruction in spelling or grammar, write correctly as well as pleasantly. Something more is needed for those who seek to become scholars in English, and still more if they aim at the study of language. For such as these the teaching may gradually and progressively develop a scientific character.

In the earliest stages fluency was itself a chief aim, and the teacher was compelled to be very sparing of interruptions and corrections. She had to use discretion and to judge for herself what mistakes were dangerous. She might not interpose though twenty successive clauses were joined together by 'and,' because she knew that it is natural for language to begin with coordinates and that mere mental growth combined with practice in reading and writing will cure the fault. She corrected vulgarisms, like 'he done it,' not with any grammatical disquisition but dogmatically. Even where the children come from homes where the King's English is never spoken, systematic speech-training in the infants' school can correct and refine language before pen is put to paper.

These infant years seem to be intended by Nature for the learning of language. Ears are sharp and memories retentive. But habits once formed at that age, whether good or bad, are very difficult to eradicate later on. Perhaps pronunciation is best taught through disguised phonetics in the singing lesson and elocution in the poetry lesson.

In the first written work it may be found that the spelling is all wrong. Great controversies rage on this subject. But it seems right to regard bad spelling as a disease which needs careful individual diagnosis in the earliest stages, when it can be cured so as to give no more trouble. Most often it springs from some fault in the method by which the child has learned to read. Some people are allowed to grow up incapable of spelling because they make out the printed word by some process of guesswork and never fix the letters upon their memory. Good or bad spelling very rapidly becomes automatic.

Much the same is true of grammar. As I have said before, accurate use of language can be attained by purely empirical and dogmatic methods. Grammar is no essential preliminary to good English, but, nevertheless, there may be a good case for teaching it later on to those who can afford the time. It is well that English boys and girls should know something of the history and structure of their language as well as their constitution.

It may be necessary for the linguist to understand the common grammatical technique of all languages. Moreover, teachers naturally seek to limit the domain of mere dogma and to give explanations where they can. Thus a child can easily be cured of saying 'Between you and I' merely through the teacher's command, 'Say *me*.' He can be cured of saying 'Like I did' in the same way. He will, of course, be on surer ground if he understands the reason. Only let it be English grammar

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and not Latin grammar that is used. The reason why the child should say 'I am taller than he' is, if a reason must be given, that *than* is historically identical with *then*, not that '*quam* takes the same case after it as before it.'

If we could only keep our eyes steadily fixed on the goal and discard formalism, tradition, and antiquated examinations, there is in the work of the best infants' and elementary schools a broad enough base for us to build a sound structure of English up to the university and beyond. Perhaps some day a progressive university may try the experiment of an English Arts Course in which the first part would consist solely of Advanced Reading and Writing, and the second part of options between English Philosophy, English Philology, English Poetics, or English Criticism. It need not be any lower in standard than an Oxford Greats course.

We could not well spare the scholars. On the contrary, those who believe with me that English contains all things necessary to culture will be most anxious to enlist for its service the finest scholarship of the day. Some will think the fare provided in such a course as I have outlined too rich in sugar or fat and wanting in the tougher constituents which produce bone and muscle. It is essential to require more and more precision and accuracy as the child passes through the phases of adolescence. We must contemplate something very like the best of classical teaching applied to English Classics for big boys and girls.

I write as a Pharisee of the Pharisees, brought up at the feet of Gamaliel. A man like Robert Whitelaw loved the literature of Greece and Rome with such devotion that its very forms were sacred to him. A false quantity or a false concord was to him a personal affront: it caused him physical pain. Accents and particles mattered to him and so they mattered to us. There was a right and a wrong. We did not understand why, but we knew and felt his scorn of anything careless or superficial. He read Sophocles aloud with an intensity that at first puzzled and then infected us. Occasionally, but all too rarely, it was his task to do the same with Chaucer or Browning. Why not?

But at this point I labor with a sense of unreality. Is it possible to capture for our language a tithe of that old classical fervor? We have buried our Grammarian upon his peak, fronting the sunrise. He settled *hoti's* business. I have heard him lecture for an hour upon the future sense of the optative with an enthusiasm that was drawn from some pure source in the depths. Doubtless he survives in disciples. Is it the mere mystery and power of the Word that inspires them? I will not believe that it is any inherent virtue possessed by Propertius but denied to Shelley that inspires the classical scholar.

But where are our inspired teachers of English? I have an impression of critical, quizzical gentlemen, deeply learned in Elizabethan drama or Saxon dialect, but all the same terribly mild. I cannot picture one of their disciples seriously moved by a misplaced 'and which' or an unrelated participle in English. Something is missing.

There are thousands of genuine lovers of English literature scattered up and down the country, people who feel the thrill of delight in verbal beauty quite as keenly as any classical scholar. But they want leaders and a voice. We suffer our fools too gladly in English studies. Any lunatic is allowed to criticize, traduce, misinterpret Dryden, Carlyle, Addison, even Shakespeare, as if they were our private playthings. They are not. They are

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worthy of their pedestals of worship just as much as Homer and Aristotle.

The issue of the war has established more firmly than ever the predominance of the English language in the world. If our schools would rise to their opportunity and raise English into a culture worthy of its qualities there seems no reason why it should not become the universal medium of civilization for the world. The richness and variety of its literature, and the simplicity and flexibility of its structure render it, as a language, amply sufficient. Whether this is visionary or not, it is no longer safe for those who cherish the humanities in education to rely upon the old impregnable position of Latin and Greek. The world has received one of those secular shocks in which tradition crumbles to dust.

The London Mercury

AS THE WIND BLOWS

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

When the wind is in the North, I go forth
Where billows scourge and trample the gray beaches in their wrath.
Earth and water are my body, and I feel, in blood and bone,
The rage of sea for empiry, the ache of stricken stone.

When the wind is in the South after drouth,
I, who pitied the earth's parching, have drunk deep with the earth's mouth;
I have shared her thrill and wonder when the waters were set free
And rains of dread roared overhead in chariots from the sea.

When the wind is in the East rise a feast
Of visions, mother-planted, ere my body was released
Into life upon the rampart of an Indian mount of old,
Where I sucked milk down from a bosom brown and smelled the marigold.

When the wind is in the West, that is best,
For he meets my path of roaming; he will haunt my place of rest;
And I know, while yet I listen and give heed and understand,
At a peaceful last, when the ordeal's past, my dust will feel his hand.

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ARE WE HAPPIER THAN OUR FATHERS?

BY RICHARD WHITEING

THE posterity of Adam have been busy with an answer to this question from the beginning of time. Their progenitor is the only exception, because he had no starting point for the comparison. Old Hesiod was quite concerned about it, well-nigh three thousand years ago, but found it as elusive as the will-o'-the-wisp. He could only credit his generation with an age of iron, and grizzle over their want of luck. None of them could trace in the almanacs an Age of Gold, when everything was 'just so.' Carlyle gave it up when he erased Happiness from the reckoning, and put Blessedness in its place. Yet the happiness they all had in their minds was nothing out of the way, but only a right good time.

Later Greece was disposed to start it with Hesiod, in spite of him, but he certainly would have declined the honor. Rome put in a claim with the Fathers of the Republic — plain living, high thinking, a joint for a friend, with a drop of something warm in good red wine to wash it down, all grown in your own fields. Our own optimists thought that it had come at last, with Victoria in her prime. This pleasing concept held the field well-nigh until the outbreak of the World War of today. That event has sobered us a little, yet until the last Budget night many were quite ready to believe that it was here with the Peace.

This, of course, changes the venue from backward to forward, and there is some excuse for it. What more can anybody want than what we are going to receive the day after to-morrow? Only think of the improvements! The telephone for talks with continents, instead of with the neighboring plot on the other side of the garden wall. The style of it! The very concerts and plays brought to your bedside to lull you to sleep for pleasant dreams. Locomotion, the aeroplane, and the Zepps devoted to peaceful uses, and putting the crawling train at sixty miles an hour to shame.

'Sir,' said Boswell, or one of the minor fry in the service of the Oracle of Fleet Street — I forget which — 'they are now busy with a scheme of rapid transit by means of postchaises.' 'And the rate of the acceleration of velocity?' queried the other. (I quote entirely from memory.) 'They talk, sir, of twelve miles an hour.' 'Sir,' exclaimed the sage, 'it would be impossible; we could not breathe.' 'There,' comments the biographer, 'that is just the man he was: he could always lay his finger on the weak point. They had never thought of that.'

When Smollett determined to exchange Edinburgh for London, on slender means, he took the wagon that trudged the whole way at a walking pace and pulled up at the inns for drinks and more passengers. It was good enough for all concerned. They played cards, quarreled, or chummed at their pleasure, and slept on the straw of the wagon on which they had trampled all day. There were ructions, of course, when the newcomers hustled in to find a berth for themselves, but nothing came of them; and the malcontents soon joined the majority to the cry of 'Full up.' One and all had anticipated our Victorians in the delusion that their Here and Now was the Age of Gold at last. What refinements on the poor old past! The sanitation (of the cesspool, though they never gave that a thought) in its stage of finality, and the Black Death of the pestilence that nearly made a desert of Europe never to return again. This note persisted throughout. We know

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what we think now of Old Newgate as a prison system; but are we quite sure that it would not triumphantly bear comparison in the essentials of hugger-mugger happiness with the Holloway, the Wormwood Scrubs, or even the Parkhurst of to-day? There is really something to say for the paradox that the distribution of 'good time' has been fairly equalized among all the generations of man. If it did not come in one way, it came in another. The net ration of bliss was probably about the same. 'The old Newgate,' you cry; 'how truly dreadful the scores of wretches, most of them on their way to the gallows, herded in the filth of one huge common room; gambling, cursing, fighting, drinking, as long as they had a penny to buy their tipple from the warders at a profit of a hundred per cent.' None but the devil to pay in rowdy enjoyment of a kind. It was 'company,' whatever else it was not, and for the lads of mettle of Swift's dreadful lines, the prospect of the ovation of the ride to Tyburn Tree!

As clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
Rode stately through Holborn to die in his calling,
The maids and the wives to the balconies ran,
And cried, 'Lackaday! Here's a proper young man!'

I quote from memory again.

Compare this with the modern jail, and nothing better than your own thoughts for company or only the best of books for your reading, and that but a constant reproach to your way of life in this world, a constant threat of your fate in the next, and withal the chaplain to drive it home. Silence and isolation in the cell, and even in the workshops and the exercise yard. Mark the difference on the occasion referred to in the lines. Mr. Clinch and his spiritual adviser were both too busy, for edification, in their enjoyment of the scene; and the coffin with the hangman in the background of the vehicle were no spoil-sports. When the latter, in accordance with custom, 'fell down on one knee' for pardon and largesse before adjusting the noose, Tom, in the very plenitude of high spirits, 'gave him a kick for his fee.' The very cleanliness and order of the modern prison are a weariness of the soul, with the utter impossibility of shaking a loose leg in any part of the premises.

Then why do anything at all, you may say? One state of life seems just as good as another when you are used to it. Prison reform is at best but a change of conditions without a change of happiness. A page of Smollett read now sickens the mind, and other parts of the system, at the thought of the brutalities they took as matters of course in his day. Even Nietzsche's nostrum of lethal-chambering at birth of nine tenths of the population, in order to clear the scene for the development of the nobility and gentry of nature, is but a quack medicine well advertised. Is this rule of thumb, step for step, to go on forever? No. The coarser worries will drop out of the reckoning, the finer, both of good and bad, will take their place. The eternal need of novelty and freshness of sensation will see to that.

It is a sort of Grimm's law of its subject. The repetition will become a torture of satiety, and to get rid of it will compel a change, in the hope of better luck in the next shuffle of the cards of fate. So one may safely prophesy the imperative change. A time comes when the sensitory organs of all mankind become so fine that a lapse in magnanimity, sweet reasonableness, or fine manners wounds like a blow. All our perhaps excessive culture seems making for that. It will be

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a gain of a kind, for it will give us a lift from the plains to the heights, where we may hope to see more of the sunlight. The common clay will be at least finer clay, and that will make all the difference between eating from porcelain and eating from ruder ware.

It will not affect the balance; I adhere to that. We shall weary of the porcelain in due course, and goodness knows how we shall get our dinners at all, but that consideration belongs to the future, and it will take care of itself. As it is, the more delicate pleasures and pains of our present social system make those able to command them at will the envy of all for whom they are out of reach. It is the subtle difference between good wine or liqueurs served in their appropriate glasses or served out of a 'moog'— to say nothing of the apartment in which the whole meal is dished. The boors of Teniers drank and fed in a cellar; their superiors had the better of it by a move upstairs, with all that the change imported in the beauty of the associations. But, with all that, the Golden Age of the Absolute of happiness is as far beyond reach as ever. *Q.E.D.*

The Manchester Guardian

THE SCIENTIFIC GHOST

BY L. COPE CORNFORD

WHERE are the ghosts of yesteryear? Where are the happy parties gathering about the blazing logs in the twilight of Christmas Eve, hearkening bright-eyed to the story teller? Without, the snow glimmers in the dusk, its frozen leagues enclosing the little casket of warmth and good cheer, wherein the firelight flickers rosily upon the paneled wall, and glistens here and there upon the wreathed holly. Put on another log. Draw closer. Now begin. Presently the children are afraid to look up at the round mirror above the clock, so cloudily glistening, lest they see in it reflected something which, when they glance over their shoulders, is not there. And no one will go up to bed at the proper time. Where, I say, is that delightful gathering? You must ask Madam Science, that austere and spectacled maiden aunt, with her pocket microscope and a new set of keys jingling at her steel-buckled girdle.

Dame Science is now the story teller. No twilight for *her*, but a glare of electricity, and her audience, notebook in hand, sitting up straight on hard chairs, while their respected aunt reads a paper about telæsthesia and the metethereal environment.

The ghost of Mr. Marley, Mr. Scrooge's deceased partner, is, of course, an hallucination on the part of Mr. Scrooge. As for the ghosts of Christmas Past and Christmas Present, they are the fantasies of an outworn sentiment. The White Lady who wrings her hands and weeps in dark corridors has vanished. The death-pale face which peers in at the window is a piece of telepathy. The mischievous sprite who smashes all the kitchen crockery at midnight — please produce your written evidence of eye witnesses. You cannot? Very well, then.

But Madam Science has read ninety-seven books about ghosts, and all that, and she coldly affirms that some of the books are true. Not, you understand, true in the sense in which simple people some years ago carelessly believed these stories, or at any rate told them to one another, with the most reckless disregard of the scientific method. Not that at all, but in the sense of natural phenomena, if you please, which have since been classified, labeled, and defined. And if, says Madam Science, frigidly, idle curiosity

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tempts you to inquire into these matters, you will be so good as to consult me first, for *I keep the keys of the haunted rooms*. And she raps her bright little bunch of keys down on the table.

Our story tellers are thoroughly cowed with the Dame's cold eye upon them. They nervously write under that pitiless scrutiny; for departed are the comfortable days when the good Sir Walter told of the Lady of the Fountain, and related Wandering Willie's story, and Sheridan Lefanu indulged in Green Tea, and things happened in the Castle of Otranto, and even the saintly Shorthouse dealt in necromancy. Sir Walter Scott did not explain the devastating adventure of Wandering Willie's forbear. And if we must turn to the Master-Mage himself, what of the late William Shakespeare's practice? Hamlet saw a phantom and conversed with it. Macbeth never tried to console himself with theories about hallucination. Prospero's magic was real magic, and the harpies actually snatched the food from the shipwrecked castaways. A Midsummer Night's Dream was a real sojourn in the fairy kingdom. If it was not that, what was it?

But to-day, what are our best friends, the romancers, doing? They used to hold the key of the postern door, but Dame Science has taken it from them. They write about that other world, because they must. For one thing, they want to write about it; and for another, we command them. And what do we find? We find the scientific ghost.

Our old acquaintances were independent and did what they liked. When they wanted to clank chains, clank chains they did; and if they chose to warn a lady or a gentleman of their approaching demise they would walk the terrace at night, or flutter like a dove about their footsteps, with your leave or by your leave. Now, no phantom is allowed to walk without a medium. Madam Science, always strict, has decreed a chaperon, so to speak. Ghosts did very well without mediums in our time. Moreover, the medium in story is seldom happy. He or she rather resents the employment. In a recent story the young (and charming) lady in question complained that 'they' tried to 'clutch' at her. Surely this kind of thing is unnecessary? But the story teller, rather skillfully getting to windward of Dame Science, now uses the medium, or chaperon, to produce and make credible effects he did not dare to attempt before.

If there must be a medium, it has to be admitted that the ghost can do much more with the medium than alone and unsupported. A single medium, without her own volition, now enables two ghosts to appear simultaneously, and strengthens a Poltergeist to wreck the kitchen the same evening. Moreover, what used to be just plain ghost now arrives as an astral body, scientifically known as a phantasm of the living. Similarly, another valued acquaintance appears as a phantasm of the dead, as in the leading case of the German brewer who marched into his friend's bedroom at midnight, announcing in a loud voice that he had just died and that they intended to bury him on Tuesday. He *was* dead, and they did bury him on Tuesday. The story is what is scientifically known as 'evidential.'

But we are here considering not the ghost of fact, but the ghost of fiction as affected by the ghost of fact. What has happened is that the ghost of fiction — and he was by no means all fiction — is being ousted by his scientific rival. It is really the fault of his

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stage manager, the romancer. For the romancer seems to suffer under the delusion that the more he deals in science the better for his ghosts. It is not so. Ghosts, like other people, only exist in an atmosphere; and to mix two atmospheres is fatal to them. The romancer's business is to create the right atmosphere; and when he has done that, it may be he will be a good deal nearer the truth of science (if that be his aim) than he suspects.

Why should we be deprived of our ghosts, especially the Christmas ghost who inhabits Christmas illustrated numbers, because scientific people are exploring the other world? You do not abolish your rose garden because the botanists collect the flowers and preserve them in books with indexes. The difference between reading a real ghost story and reading the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research* is the difference between reading the records of a police court and witnessing a drama on the stage. The pleasure derived from the study of the *Thousand Nights and One Night* does not depend upon the veracity of the author. It may be that a genie did not in fact exist. But when Scheherazade tells you the story, the Djinn does verily unroll from the smoke of the fisherman's bottle, daunting and enormous. The truth is that when Dame Science, after a prolonged sulk, came along and announced, not that ghost stories were false, but that they were true, our romancers rather lost their heads.

The Morning Post

WHO READS ROBERT BROWNING?

THERE is in Mr. Chesterton's *The Man Who Was Thursday*, an incident which itself is poetry, and can be used as throwing a light on the poetry of Browning. After heroic adventures the chosen six return to the house of their father, and that father gives a great festival in their honor, which takes the form of a fancy dress ball under the moon and the Chinese lanterns. The six on their thrones observe that the dancers wear dresses reminiscent of the dangers and glories they have passed. A pillar-box dances with a hornbill, a lamp-post does not shun the neighborhood of a balloon. It appears in a flash that all the ordinary things of life wear ravishing fancy dresses, and, if properly observed, are all, if not intrinsically romantic, at least provocative. And next day, after the intoxication of moonshine and lantern-shine is over, this fact comes home as the true lesson of his adventure to the man who was Thursday.

Now Browning is not Thursday. He is every day of the week, and particularly Sunday. But he wears his days like the queer clothes they are — to be fingered, held at arm's length, explained, wept over, laughed at, but to be wondered at always, because, deal with them how he will, they are never quite caught. He sings them over not once, but a thousand times, wiser than his own wise thrush, because he knows he never can completely capture their private irreducible rapture. And, as we said, Browning is particularly Sunday, if by that day is understood the approach to religion.

That day for him is eternally fresh and surprising, whether it dawns in thunder with Caliban, for whom the day and its owner are a dangerous fiend, or is merely dull with Cleon, who understands that the Christian doctrine 'could be held by no sane man,' or has the tremors of dawn with Karshish plaguily stirred, hearing the voice, saying, 'O heart I made, a heart beats here! Face, my hands fashioned,

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see it in myself.' For the truth is that with Browning, Sunday is always below and behind all the other days of the week.

And when we use this language of days and fancy-dress balls, we mean something quite definite, though we may be accused of borrowing our author's own obscurity without his excuse for it. We mean that Browning takes all the ordinary things of life — and with what a raging appetite he takes them — catches them as they go, and fixes them so that they never lose their wonder again, and for all that remain undeniably ordinary. His Dukes and Duchesses, his Cleon, his Grammarian, his Bishop with basalt tomb, his Saul, even his Caliban are fancy dresses that the emotions of any of us might and in fact do wear. But we have n't the understanding eye. Our baby petulance does n't for us wear a coronet. Our struggle to the truth won't grace itself with a background of the

sprinkled isles,
Lily on lily, that o'erlace the sea
And laugh their pride when the light wave
lisps 'Greece!'

Our little human certainty, 'dead from the waist down,' perishes without the sign of the great peaks. Our self-indulgence dares not revel in

Some lump, ah God, of lapis lazuli,
Big as a Jew's head cut off at the nape,
Blue as a vein o'er the Madonna's breast.

Our infidelity will not stand

As erect as that tent-prop, both arms
stretched out wide.

As,

the king-serpent heavily hangs
Far away from his kind, in the pine, till
deliverance come
With the springtime,

and we do not grovel in the 'much mire' with Caliban. We do not, in short, give our virtues and weaknesses flashing or murky shapes. We are proud of them, or ashamed, but we regard them, except for startled seconds, as prose. Browning steps in, however, and observes that as far as he can see, the way to spell this prose is poetry, and we wake, almost with a blush, like Molière's hero, to discover that we have not merely been talking prose, but actually living poetry.

In that revelation, to our mind, is contained in part Browning's secret. He touched nothing in which he did not perceive an adornment. He was thus separated by worlds from that puny school which attempts to adorn what is already so rich — the gilders of the lily, and that other school that seeks to strip off the adornment. Like another Creator, he looked on the world and found it not only good, but even violently interesting. He did not need, like gentle Tennyson, to prink the world, to dress it in party clothes because company was expected. Nor, like some of our modern savages, did he present it in terms previously reserved for lecturers on pathology. He just took life with a great gasp, like a swimmer taking his plunge. There was a whole sea before him. If only he did not grow tired!

In fact, of all writers that have written he least grew tired. He was so unspeakably avid of life that he was rewarded by having his vitality constantly renewed, the secret of this being that, like the fabled giant, he was forever touching mother earth, the true source of all strength. And to the end love held him prisoner, charmed, beckoned, and crowned him. Love and God — he found these two everywhere, hunting, as it were, in couples — the Hound of Life and the Hound of Heaven. He heard their remorseless footsteps hunting the soul of man, as clearly as Thompson, and far more variously.

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Of his homage to love a very acute modern critic has said that no poet was ever so obsessed by love, and so little obsessed by sex. That is a clever saying, but completely untrue. Browning essentially could not distinguish love and sex. On the contrary they were indivisibly one. When he went worshiping in the train of unconquered Eros he gladly and largely met both demands,

laying flesh and spirit in his hands.

How could it be otherwise? Was Browning to

Give us no more of body than shows soul?

Was he to follow the way of Tennyson, who gave us a King Arthur only one whit more bloodless and blameless than that incredible adulterer Lancelot? Surely not. There are all sorts of love — that love, cold and undying as Death himself, which made Evelyn Hope's lover cry —

I will give you this leaf to keep.
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.
There, that is our secret: go to sleep;
You will wake and remember and understand.

There is the red love of the lunatic lover of Porphyria. There is the good stage love for

That fawn-skin-dappled hair of hers,
And the blue eye,
Dear and dewy.

Browning looked as life looks — unprejudiced and undisturbed. How could he avoid any side of love?

Flower of the broom.
Take away love, and our earth is a tomb.

But if he believed, as he did believe, that all love was but a smile in the face of God, was it his business to shrink or criticize? There was beauty, excellent — and there was darkness — well, like life herself.

Dauntless the slug-horn to his lips he set,
And blew. *Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came.*

The note of the slug-horn does not ask questions: it is content to be. Shall we, who never saw, never can see 'The Dark Tower,' try to refine upon the note? Browning at least thought not.

The Saturday Review

THE PASSING OF THE TABLECLOTH

Is it necessary to what in our lighter moods we call civilization that meals should be attractive, that mealtimes should be really intervals of recreation and not only pauses for the stoking of the human machine? Surely it is at least desirable. The dining table has been for very long the centre of family life and the emblem of friendship. It is there that we have eaten one another's salt, acknowledged one another's equality, and entered into a tacit pact not to treat one another as enemies.

The grown- and growing-up members of a family not infrequently meet at meals only, and it is at table that they exchange opinions, grumble in turns, recount gossip, chaff their elders, talk shop, and arrange their week-end recreation. All this took place until lately around 'a fair white cloth.' If possible the cloth was always absolutely clean, and where constant change could not be provided the housekeeper distressed herself over unnecessary stains almost as much as over careless breakages. In old-fashioned houses the cloth was removed at dessert, and glasses and decanters were reflected upon the polished surface of the mahogany. Flowers and candles decked the white cloth as often as possible. Rich people never sat down to dinner without them, and before the war rich people set a fashion which ex-

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tended far, far beyond their own sumptuous circles.

Alas! this charming custom can prevail no longer. It must be relegated to the smooth back-waters of luxurious life. Perfect table linen is no more within the reach of ordinary people. The enameled whiteness of the family board will soon become a memory. A dirty cloth covered with coffee stains and sticky with jam and gravy is not worth having. Rather, ten times rather, a scrubbable piece of deal. The colored cloth of the French housewife does not commend itself to English tastes. It witnesses to economy, and we like something which witnesses to the laundry.

From the point of view of beauty, a polished table is obviously the best substitute for immaculate linen; but polished tables require a considerable amount of elbow grease to keep them in condition, and no amount of energy will make them beautiful unless they were 'good to begin with.' Moreover, even polished mahogany does not look very pretty unless there are pretty things upon it to be reflected. Nowadays glass is terribly dear. Even those who have plenty of it are afraid of breaking it. Silver requires endless cleaning; the requisite service is hard to come by; candles are not cheap; flowers in winter and wine at all times are for most of us alike prohibitive. Wholesome food is plentiful enough, but very agreeable food is scarce, almost as scarce as coal and company.

Altogether, it is far from easy to make the family dinner table attractive upon the old lines, and visions of a deserted house and a crowded restaurant frighten the good wife and mother. What is to be done? 'Cook better,' say the foreigners. Molière declared that anyone could cook with money, and it was a poor cook who could not cook without it. We have already to a great extent taken the foreigner's advice, though they have not yet realized our reform. From the bottom nearly to the top of English society more intelligence is being put into cooking than ever was put in before, and the only reason that the very rich have not changed is because their cuisine had already reached perfection.

For this change housewives of all incomes must thank the restaurant. From the most sumptuous to the most humble, the eating houses have offered us an object lesson. The workingman knows now what good cooking is just as well as the professional man. That is, they both know the best that can be done with the money, and they are beginning to insist that their wives should do it, or at any rate that their daughters should learn how. The deterioration in the quality of our present food would have been felt far more seriously than it has but for the vast improvement which has taken place in its preparation.

Fairly good food is not, however, all that is needed to make mealtimes attractive. The upper world in England, by which we mean everybody from the rising workingman to the successful professional, has a dread of squalor. Some of them have worked tremendously hard for no reason but to get out of it; others have toiled with feverish energy to keep at what they consider a perfectly safe distance from it. 'Fair white cloths,' both fine and coarse, were convenient symbols of the screens they had erected between them and the great waste of ugly living which lay below. Now the workingman's wife has more chance to keep her cloth than the curate's wife, because she can wash it herself.

May we not hope that out of the death of luxury, or rather out of the relegation of it to the few, will spring a great revival of 'the art of life'? When

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educated people are surrounded by every outward sign of refinement they are apt to feel too safe, apt to forget that real refinement is not altogether an outward thing. Free-and-easy manners are permissible only when it is not to behavior that men look for distinction. 'What snobbishness!' we hear someone say. But is it snobbishness? The workingman's wife is just as anxious that her children should be 'distinguished' as the Duchess is, and more so. It is because she loves them, not because she is a snob, that she wants to see them attain to a standard higher than that of the generality.

A good many silly people are inclined to laugh at the careful speech and stiffer bearing of the newly educated. Such a laugh is one which courtesy and caution should alike stifle. They will do well to imitate before it is too late. Order, not beauty and not ease, is the antithesis of squalor. A little ceremony will keep it at a greater distance even than luxury, and good conversation is an accomplishment which can never be undistinguished, and an entertainment which will be always fit to offer to a King.

But it may be said: 'All this is very well where hospitality is concerned, but we were talking of the family dinner table. When we and our children sit down to meals together we are not going to talk like a book, nor yet to show one another a courtesy which belonged to a patriarchal age. To our minds, effort is no part of good breeding. All the same, we do find our mealtimes nowadays very dismal, and we do fear the effects upon home life of this lowered standard of comfort.'

Two other expedients for the enlivening of the family dinner suggest themselves to the present writer. For many centuries a large section of the English world listened to reading or to music during meals. Someone who should be eating would have to be reading or playing, that is one great difficulty in the way of both these expedients. How far reading aloud would be enjoyed to-day is very hard to say. We are inclined to think that the taste for it has died. We understand it is still continued in monastic refectories. Do they keep up the custom as a penance or for pleasure?

We have heard that certain public schoolmasters permit boys to read to themselves during meals if they like, and that the permission is very much valued. We have all known houses wherein a pianola (well played) would have relieved much mealtime gloom. At the present moment a great many people are living in houses too big for them. They are obliged to shut up certain rooms. Coal economy is making the practice very general. It is a remarkable fact that they almost invariably shut up the pleasantest. The 'best parlor' heresy must be more widespread than one knew. The room almost invariably kept open is the dining room — almost always the darkest and least comfortable in the house. After dinner they must often sit in it because it is warm, and sit on uncomfortable chairs. Should we not be better able to keep pace with the attractions of the restaurant if, now that meals are small and guests few, we ate our food at a small table in the pleasantest room of the house, and sat at ease afterward in our most comfortable chairs surrounded by our best possessions and our books?

It must be remembered that in this struggle between the home and the restaurant the issue is vital, and that with washing and service at their present prices the ordinary London dining room, with its huge bare table, straight chairs, and dull walls, is but ill equipped for the fight.

The Spectator

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A NOTE ON MR. CONRAD

BY EDWARD MOORE

WHEN *Almayer's Folly*, Mr. Conrad's first book, appeared in 1895, the *Spectator* observed with unusual discernment that its author 'might become the Kipling of the Malay Archipelago.' Mr. Conrad has since then become much more than that, but that his advent should have been proclaimed first by the *Spectator* is both fitting and ironical. It is fitting, for Mr. Conrad is distinctly the Appollonian artist of his time, and, while other writers have prophesied or blasphemed, he has been content to describe. It is ironical, for in the picture of life which he has drawn, there is so much which might have shocked the critic of the *Spectator* could he have but seen it.

Mr. Conrad is incomparably the most subtle writer of his age. Even his silence is significant, and it is as certain that his politics and his philosophy are profound as that he has told us nothing about them. He has not, indeed, a 'philosophy' at all, like Mr. Wells or Mr. Shaw. Is it because he is too skeptical or because he is too sure? That one has to ask such a question shows how much lies behind his work.

There are three qualities which stand out in Mr. Conrad's novels: the love of beauty, the insight into the mind, the sense of character. With beauty, the mind, and the moral conflict, he is concerned almost exclusively. The passions he has portrayed, it is true, but he has portrayed them preeminently in their effect upon the mind and upon character. In short, he has studied them under glass, and as a psychologist and a moralist. The soul he has not tried to know at all. The conflict in his novels is not the spiritual, but the moral, conflict. And this is what separates him from Dostoievsky, whom, as a psychologist, he resembles so much.

Dostoievsky showed man in his relation to God; Mr. Conrad shows him in his relation to men and to nature. The former is a mystic, the latter a rationalist. The one knew human nature, human and divine; the other is interested in human nature simply as human nature. Neither Mr. Conrad nor his characters mention the name of God, and we feel it is because they would consider it insincere, even theatrical, to do so. There is something admirable in this reticence. Not to say a word more than one means — to say a word or two less, if possible: that is the sure way of making one's words memorable. And Mr. Conrad's words are memorable, more memorable even than those of Dostoievsky.

Mr. Conrad, then, is preëminently artist, psychologist, and moralist; in other words, he is interested essentially in beauty, the mind, and character. And he is interested perhaps in beauty primarily. He writes by instinctive choice of beautiful things: of the sea, of ships, of tropical skies, and of men whose lives have still the atmosphere of romance around them — of seamen, of barbarians, of South American bandits whose minds have something of the naïve morality of the Renaissance. And he never writes, as Stevenson constantly did, with the design of being 'romantic.' His beauty is not stuck on. On the contrary, when he describes a scene it strikes us first by its astonishing truth and then by its astonishing beauty. Take this 'scene' out of *Nostromo:*

> A fire of broken furniture out of the Intendencia saloons, mostly gilt, was burning in the Plaza, in a high flame swaying right up to the statue of Charles IV. The dead body of a man was lying on the steps of the pedestal, his arms thrown wide

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open and his sombrero covering his face — the attention of some friend, perhaps. The light of the flames touched the foliage of the first trees on the Alameda, and played on the end of a side street near by, blocked up by a jumble of ox-carts and dead bullocks. Sitting on one of the carcasses a lepero, muffled up, smoked a cigarette. It was a truce, you understand. The only other living being in the Plaza besides ourselves was a Cargador, walking to and fro, with a long, bare knife in his hand, like a sentry before the Arcades, where his friends were sleeping. And the only other spot of light in the dark town were the lighted windows of the club, at the corner of the Calle.

What a marvelous picture that is! As a description, what vividness and truth there is in it; as a picture, what masterly composition, what beauty. The beauty in Mr. Conrad's novels is of the highest kind; it springs directly out of truth and justifies for once Keats's celebrated dictum. That amorphous word, 'romantic,' has been applied monotonously to Mr. Conrad's works. They should be called, more simply, picturesque. Mr. Conrad writes in pictures, for the pictures come, and what he shows us is not action, but a progression of dissolving scenes, continuous and living, which in the end reflect action and give us a true apprehension of it.

For the accomplishment of this he possesses a fine style, the finest English style of his day, a style perhaps too loaded, too careful, but possessing that last gift, called magic, whereby the object is made to leap before our eyes by a power beyond mere description. *Nostromo*, his greatest exercise in the picturesque, is full of these successes, successes a little laborious, a little too careful, but indubitably successes. The laboriousness in his style accounts for its slow tempo, its fullness: the right word is sought with a rigor so severe that the sentence is sometimes retarded. It is a style like a mosaic, or, rather, like one of those sunsets in which one picture melts into another, insensibly, gorgeously, unerringly, and as by some effect of careful art.

But when Mr. Conrad turns aside from his description of the beautiful, in which there is so much noble passion he becomes at once the detached student of humanity. In his vision of nature a poet, he is in his investigation of the mind and the passions almost a scientist. To study passion, he might tell us, it is necessary above all to eschew passion. Certainly the passions he shows us are sterilized passions — sterilized by his unique attitude to life. He is interested in life, but he does not love it; and in detaching himself as an artist entirely from life, his interest in it has actually become greater, has become interest and nothing else. Mr. Hugh Walpole says that he finds in Mr. Conrad's work 'gusto.' But if there is one quality which it lacks, it is exactly gusto. Balzac possessed gusto, Stendhal possessed gusto, and one can imagine what a glorious immortal figure the latter would have made of Nostromo.

Mr. Conrad's temper forbade him to do that. Nostromo is a figure splendidly cut, but he is not a splendid figure: Mr. Conrad will not allow us to deceive ourselves about it for one moment. And that, once more, is because the quality which distinguishes him is not gusto, but interest — interest the most alert, the most entrancing, but still interest. He studies all men; he is carried away by none. Even heroism, which comes so often into his pages, does not elate him. 'All claim to special righteousness,' he says, 'awakens in me that scorn and anger from which a philosophical mind should be free,' and his novels are a commentary upon it. He is a student of heroism, he notes how the spirit re-

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sponds to uncertainty, to danger, to calamity, and he is interested in the responses.

This temper has made him perhaps the greatest psychologist since Dostoievsky; it has also condemned him to see everything in man except the soul. But other writers and the greatest, it will be said, have not given us the soul in their works. Nevertheless, it is true of Shakespeare's characters, of Fielding's, of Scott's, that, if their relation to God is not *given*, we still know it to be there. They are related to God, although the relation is not expressed; but Mr. Conrad's characters are not related to God at all. It is because they are not men and women (it is both a censure and a compliment to Mr. Conrad's art to say so); they are something much more definite than that: they are specimens of humanity, collected and docketed with incredible finesse. Lord Jim is a specimen, James Waite is a specimen, Heyst is a specimen. But specimens have no soul.

The novelists in the classical tradition, Fielding, Scott, Balzac, gave us figures less completely defined than Mr. Conrad's, but they gave the large movement of life. Their characters, in a word, lived in the world. But Mr. Conrad's characters exist insulated by the resolve of the author to study them; they exist in a laboratory of psychology. And the difference is not a difference merely of method. The characters of Fielding carry their background with them because the soul is implicit in them; Mr. Conrad's remain solitary because in them it is not implicit. Everything about them has not, indeed, been observed,— that would deny to Mr. Conrad the gift of imagination, which is his in a high degree,— but they are things which always *could* be observed.

Yet what a wonderful, and within his limits what a satisfying, psychologist Mr. Conrad is! Nothing is half done, nothing is guessed; and the most masterly knowledge is squandered quietly on subsidiary characters and episodes. The French admiral who comes into *Lord Jim* for half an hour and passes out again is realized in every gesture so exactly that he exists for us complete. Observation in Mr. Conrad is united with an almost immaculate perception of the essential, an unexampled finesse in picking out just the word, the aspect, the gesture, that expresses the man or the situation. He selects a gesture as a connoisseur might select a precious stone, and in their setting his gestures have the impressiveness of precious stones. Imagination of the highest kind alone, and not mere observation, could give this unerring felicity in characterization: Mr. Conrad knows — he has not to guess — in what way his characters will act.

The rationalist who peeps out of Mr. Conrad the psychologist, reveals himself completely in Mr. Conrad the moralist. In his ethics it is reason that is moral, and the irrational that is immoral. The moral conflict is, therefore, the conflict between man in so far as he is a rational creature, and nature as a thing, a moral, and unknown. Nature against the conscious, the discovered, the ordered — that is to Mr. Conrad the real antinomy of existence. He gives the highest value, therefore, to the known, to the little in the ocean of the irrational which man has been able to wrest away and precariously to maintain. This alone is certainly good.

The symbol of the immoral is always nature in one of her moods — sometimes the sea, sometimes the impulses in man's breast. The known, the painfully conquered, on the other hand, is simple, so simple as to be commonplace; it consists to Mr. Con-

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rad in the necessity for three qualities, vigilance, courage, and fidelity. These are man's highest qualities, and they are also his essential ones, for without them he would cease to be man. There is but a plank, or, at any rate, the timbers of a ship, between mankind and the anarchy of nature. It is the conception of a sincere skeptic and a seaman. Mr. Conrad's heroes are at once fortifying and discouraging; they fight, but they fight with their back to the wall. They have not the right to despair, however; for if they cannot win, they may not be defeated! Their endeavor, of course, is not to advance and to conquer — that would appear to Mr. Conrad the most extreme romanticism — but to maintain one or two things without which they would perish. And these are a few truisms. Man voyages over the devouring waste of existence on nothing more stable than a few concepts, a few platitudes.

This conception, so simple in appearance, is, in fact, extremely subtle. Only a profound mind could have given such fundamental meaning to platitude. It is the conception of a skeptic who is sure of one or two things; who accepts the minimum, who accepts platitude, indisputable platitude, because he is sure of nothing else. He has found two or three planks to put between him and the incommensurable, and that suffices him. And thus while he denies himself hope, as austerely he denies himself despair.

His hopelessness is not like Mr. Hardy's, a hopelessness without bound; it is a sane hopelessness, a hopelessness full of courage. And his very skepticism must be the source of infinite intellectual enjoyment to him — how many *interesting* questions it must raise! Yes, skepticism like Mr. Conrad's makes one interested in life: it is, perhaps, the source of his own interest in it.

The New Statesman

THE 'RIGHT OF REVOLUTION'

Our Socialists, unwilling to explain to their constituents the true causes of their electoral defeat, are trying to cover their defeat by defending the right of revolution. It is not at all surprising that the extremists, balked of their attempt to overthrow the state by a seizure of the legal power, should insist that, in spite of their defeat at the polls, a 'right of violence' exists, which will some day bring about their revenge.

Let us not make the mistake of believing that the revolutionists have renounced the methods by which they roused against them all upholders of order. Quite on the contrary, they persist in their fault; for a plain avowal of disaster would compromise their influence with those masses which they hope to lead into the morass of mad adventure.

Before the elections, the French Socialists spoke but rarely, and with a certain reserve concerning this right of revolution. They lived in the illusion that the 'organized proletariat' had arrived at such a degree of power that its simple gesture at the polls would reveal its preponderance, and permit it to prepare the foundations of that dictatorship of the manual laborers which is the final aim of all true Marxian Socialism. They know well enough that the majority of the population is not with them, and that all hope of a revolution in the laws is forbidden them; and this fact thrusts them upon the immemorial principle of militant minorities — a 'right of revolution.' They maintain this to be a historic right, and declare that all the leaders of the French proletariat and the foreign proletariat — Blanqui Vaillant, Marx, Lenin — have never failed to assert the right to have recourse to violence.

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That violence in all its forms, the most brutal as well as the most perfidious, lay at the root of the proletariat creed, we have never doubted; but when they attempt to show that recourse to violence constitutes a 'historic right,' 'that all classes have in the past engineered a revolution in order to seize power,' then we believe that the inciters of the proletariat are falsifying all the lessons and the philosophy of history.

The right of revolution can exist only in so far as a national majority is oppressed, is the victim of a tyranny, or of a dictatorship whose powers are self-constituted. The right of revolution, thus understood, triumphed definitely on the day when the fathers of the French Revolution caused the equality of all citizens before the law to be maintained, and founded the first great democracy based upon the rights of man. From that time forth the right of revolution disappeared, abolished by its very conquests; for by the creation of a régime of liberty and political justice, a régime in which every citizen possesses the same legal means of making known his will, every violent act against the regularly established order is condemned in thought and deed.

Looking forward to the violent overthrow of an order legally and peaceably established according to the will of the majority, the recourse of a militant minority to the pretended right of revolution, is a criminal act — a crime against democracy. It is the very negation of democracy, the overthrow of everyone of those principles of liberty and equality without which no democratic civilization can exist. It suffices to make it clear that those who invoke the right of revolution (there are some who speak of the '*duty* of revolution') wish to impose upon a majority the crushing domination of a minority; they wish to create special social and political privileges for a small group of citizens at the expense of the others.

Let us clearly understand the peril which any recognition of this right entails. It is in the name of the right of revolution that a Bolshevist minority oppresses the great Russian nation; it is in the name of this 'right' that a minority of extremists, disavowed by the moderates of their own party, aim to plunge France into the abyss of horror and madness.

French democracy, now in its full political maturity, aware of its duties to itself and to others, solicitous of preserving its freedom of expression, recognizes no right of revolution. It is sure enough of its moral forces to fear no criminal enterprise, whatever its source, directed against its greatness and its very existence, which are one with the greatness and existence of France.

Le Temps

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THE PICTURE AND THE VISITOR

BY KATHARINE PICKFORD

THE ceremony was over. Most of the people who had come to the grave had been driven home by the fine rain; those who were left were moving away in twos and threes. A couple of men with spades were waiting for the last to go.

A man was obstinate. A woman with black hair and a square face looked at him as though she hoped he would follow the rest. He did not, so she went close to the grave, drew some forget-me-nots from under her cloak where they had got sadly crushed, dropped them carefully on the coffin and walked away.

The man looked down into the grave, waved his hand as though bidding farewell to a friend, and then followed the woman down the broad, deserted, muddy path.

He soon caught her up and was passing her when, on impulse, he spoke.

'Did you know him — well?' he asked, in that tone of fellowship that funerals give.

'Very well,' she said. 'I am his mother.'

'Not really?'

'Yes, really. Why not?'

'You look far too young to be his mother,' he said.

Then he began to try to form some estimate of the woman's age. He was not good at guessing women's ages; those who were out to deceive found him easy game.

'I was very young when he was born,' she said by way of explanation. 'Are you Mr. Martin?'

'Yes.'

'I thought so. I have often heard of you.'

Martin was half regretting the impulse that had made him speak to this woman. He suddenly found himself confronted with the obligations that must accompany the formation of a new friendship; not that he was contemplating the formation of a new friendship, but friendships and the formation of them are not things that one does contemplate — they come upon one as suddenly as a breeze on a hot summer's day; they are there before one is warned of their coming.

'It is a wonderful moment, this,' the woman said. 'The utter collapse, the hopelessness of it, the dreadful dreariness of the future; and yet the grass will not be green on there before ——'

Tears stopped her. She was searching in her muff for a handkerchief, and Martin was hoping that she would find one, for he remembered that he had not brought a clean one when he had left home.

'Yes,' he said, 'it is a curious thing, death. It certainly teaches us how easy it is to do without people.'

When they reached the gate of the cemetery, the woman looked about her; one would have said that she was in a part of London that she did not know. Martin contemplated her for a moment; it was impossible to think of her as Geoffrey's mother. Soon he drew her eyes to his, and he noticed that they were black; he thought he had never seen such eyes before.

'Will you come home with me,' he

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said, 'and have some tea? We might talk about him.'

'Shan't I be a bother to you?' she asked.

For answer he took her arm in his rather big hand. 'Come,' he said. 'This 'bus will take us. Let us try to get inside, out of the rain.'

Martin was living in a tiny flat in Hammersmith where he did for himself. A charwoman, one Mrs. Cartwright, came in every day and did what cleaning she could, or would. It was there that he took Geoffrey's mother. He busied himself with the fire, put a kettle on the gas ring, pulled down the blinds, for the November day was drawing in; and then he lit an oil lamp with more care than the woman had expected from him. It is one of the little conceits of women that a man is perfectly helpless where the management of a house is concerned. The woman watched him for a short time, but she was soon doing the little things that had to be done — doing them, as she explained to him, 'in the proper way.'

Tea was well advanced before Geoffrey was mentioned. Martin was giving himself up to the enjoyment of being looked after. The pride of possession, when his guest noticed things in his room, was strong in him, but it was being beaten down by the woman in her; slowly but surely the power of that force was permeating the little room. Already he was beginning to think how charming it would be if she, or what she stood for, could always be there to give him his tea. He was so thoroughly unaccustomed to anything like her. The rustle of a dress like her dress was never heard in that room; the subtle scent of the perfume she used never came there; Mrs. Cartwright's voice was not like her voice. He was just wondering whether men were happy who married women older than themselves. How much older a woman could be, and how much older this particular woman was, when she got up and went over to a table in the corner of the room on which a picture of Geoffrey stood.

'I suppose you know what it was that took him from me?' she said, as she contemplated the likeness.

'As a matter of fact, I do.'

'Tell me,' she said, coming back to her chair.

'Are you sure you want to know?'

'Quite sure.'

'It was a woman.'

'Of course.'

'How quickly you say that.'

'It was a woman that took my husband from me just after Geoffrey was born.'

'I did n't know that.'

'I hope you will never know the power of women; it is terrible; one cannot fight against it.'

'And were they happy — those two?'

'They were drowned, both of them, not three months later — bathing.'

There was a short silence, then the woman spoke again.

'Now tell me about this other; you see I am quite hardened.'

'Very well,' Martin said. 'I will tell you what I know and you see if you can make anything of it.'

He took a diary from his writing table, consulted one or two of its pages, and then started his story.

'Not very long ago, as you must know quite well, Geoffrey took a studio, a big one, furnished it, and began to work there. I was not alone among his friends in thinking that he was launching out a little prematurely. We thought that he might have waited until his work showed a little more promise — you understand?'

'Perfectly. I told him the same thing myself, but he would have his

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own way. You know how obstinate he could be.'

'Well, he took the studio, set to work, and, I am bound to admit, soon made us all feel very small.'

'With that picture in the Academy?'

'Yes.'

'Then that was really his own work?'

'Did you doubt it?'

'Yes, I did. You see it was very soon after he took that studio that he deserted me. When I say "deserted"—no one expects a man to be tied to his mother forever, but after what we had been to one another I did expect a reason, some sort of explanation. I got none. Instead I got what was almost rudeness. I could never tell you how hard that was to bear — from him. When I saw that picture in the Academy, the conclusion I came to, knowing what his early efforts had been, was that he had not really done the thing at all, but that, in some way, he had been able to put his name to it in satisfaction of that overpowering ambition of his, and having done so, that he had given way to remorse.'

Martin smiled gently.

'Oh, dear, no! It was nothing like that. You smoke? Those cigarettes near you are good.' He took up the diary again. 'Now let me go back to those very happy days, the early days in the studio.

'As you can well imagine, I used to go there quite a lot. We often had the jolliest little parties; all sorts of interesting people, people who did things, people who thought things; people, you understand, who really lived their lives. Geoffrey was the life and soul of these little gatherings, but he never let them interfere with his work. He was convinced that he was going to be a great painter, and he never lost sight of his goal.

'Suddenly the change came; not gradually, as one would have expected, but quite — quite suddenly. The door of the studio closed; Geoffrey became almost inaccessible to his friends; his manner so objectionable that, one by one, they dropped away from him; the parties in the studio mere dreams; all the happiness seemingly gone from his life.

'One does not give up a friendship like ours without a struggle, so I kept on looking in at the studio periodically — not so frequently as had been my custom, but enough to tide over any little estrangement that had come between us, and make it easy for us to run on again in the same old groove when the trouble had been removed. Of course, I was considerably hurt that he so completely shut me out of his confidence; I rather prided myself that my greater experience of the world would have been of assistance to him, no matter what his trouble; but he would have none of it; it was useless to attempt to approach him.

'There was one thing I had to notice, and that was the number of studies Geoffrey was making of the same model. Beautiful red hair she had, big violet eyes, and a full red mouth. I am not describing her, I am only giving you the salient points. The studies of this woman were remarkable; they showed what enormous strides Geoffrey was making with his art. They were not just likenesses, they were far more than that: one seemed to learn from them more about the personality of the sitter than about her physical appearance; in fact, what she actually looked like was suggested rather than shown; what was so clearly shown was the working of the mind — the things she thought about and what it was she thought about them.

'One day I annoyed him tremendously: I interrupted him at work on one of these studies. The model was

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not in the studio when I went in, so I made sure that she must be in the back room; I could imagine her running away at the sound of my approach. My curiosity was so thoroughly aroused that I was on the point of trying to beat down his reserve, when, to my surprise, he took me into the back room, saying that he wanted to show me something. I was so prepared to see the woman there that when I found the room empty I experienced a distinct sensation of shock.

'You will say that one could easily make a study from a model and copy it again and again afterwards; or even that one could paint an original out of one's head and make a number of copies of that. All this I grant you, but the fact remains that something I cannot now describe gave me the sense of the presence of someone, or rather the effect left by the presence of someone that has not quite worn off. Do you follow me?'

'Yes, I think I do.'

'I was extremely anxious to know more about this strange sitter, but such a cloud had come between Geoffrey and myself that I knew it would be quite futile to question him about her, and so I set to work to see if I could find any room or passage into which anyone could slip at a moment's notice. Unfortunately, he caught the meaning of what I was doing, and flew into such a passion that I left the studio and never entered it again until I heard of his illness.

'Of course I hurried off at my first opportunity to see him. He was in bed in the little back room I knew so well. I was shocked at his appearance. I wanted so to help him if only he would let me; but the moment I mentioned the subject of relatives or friends, he shut me up, positively as though I had been a book that bored him. I then told him that he should go into a Nursing Home, and that, oddly enough, brought him round to me. Quite suddenly he treated me as though there had never been any sort of trouble between us, called me by a name he had not used for months, and then appealed to me to see to it that he was left in peace where he was. The more I pointed out to him that no one could give him the care and attention he needed where he was, the more he begged me to see that he was not moved: he wanted neither care nor attention, he wanted before all else to be left in his own room. "I must stay here," he said. "I must. I know you will never understand, but I will tell you why." And then he let me into the secret of his trouble.

'He told me that he had been in the studio for some time, working too hard to notice anything odd about the place, when gradually the thing came upon him. He had never lived alone before, so it was only natural that he should feel the being with his own self at nights when everything was still. Besides, he would have come in contact with the personalities of the people who had previously occupied the rooms, and so it would be quite easy for him to get their several influences mixed with one another. Taking all this into consideration one can very well understand the lad being on the lookout for anything, shall we say, out of the common.

'It seems to have been some time coming: I think he said he had been in the studio about three months before he began to think he felt the presence of someone about him. As time went by, the impression grew, till what he had at first thought was turned into certainty; for one day when he was busy painting, he suddenly had a strong sensation of someone looking over his shoulder. He turned round quickly and there, sure enough, was a woman.

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He was just going to speak to her when he noticed that he could see the objects in his room through her. Again he began to speak to her and she was gone.

'Of course he was thoroughly frightened but he seems to have been able to sit down and reason the thing out. He had just been seeing a great many models, concentrating his attention on them, consequently his brain had suddenly thrown one before him in this curious manner.

'Having explained the incident away to his own satisfaction, he dismissed it from his mind and set to work again; but when he went into his back room for the tea that he prepared for himself, the same woman was sitting in his chair reading a book which was lying open on one of the arms of the chair. She looked up at him when he came in, looked him full in the face for a moment, then went on with her reading.

'It seemed to him that the part of her that he looked at directly was opaque, just as though he were looking at a real person; but he was none the less conscious of the fact that the rest of her was phantom. If he changed his gaze, the part of her it rested on immediately took life and breadth and depth. Her eyes, for example, were human eyes for just so long as he looked directly at them; the moment he shifted the line of his vision, he ceased to be sure of them, ceased to be sure if they were there at all.

'He set about preparing his tea, taking care not to notice the girl more than he could help. It was impossible not to look at her from time to time; whenever he did, he found her busy with her reading. He described it as extraordinarily unpleasant at first, for, of course, he was continually thinking of her, and he could not rid himself of the idea that she knew what it was he was thinking. When his tea was ready he made up his mind to speak to her; but no sooner had he formed the idea of speech in his mind than she vanished.

'That night was a bad one for him. In some ways it was better to have the girl there; out of sight he did not know where she might be, though he felt certain that she must be somewhere in the flat. He tried hard to train himself to know whether she was in the room or not; but he only succeeded in sending cold shivers down his back by drawing mental pictures for himself of spirits and what they might be or do. He found that his nervous system was strung to answer very readily to any such suggestion; consequently, to encourage the practice was only to defeat the end he had in view. He longed for her reappearance so that he might see if he were sensible of her presence before it was actually made manifest to him. He seems to have hoped that some such silent understanding had been established between them; but in this he was disappointed, for he was walking into his studio one morning, thinking of anything but spirits, when he saw her standing by the easel, apparently examining his work of the previous day.

'He tried his hardest to take no notice of her lest his speaking to her drive her away again. When everything was ready and he went toward the easel, she made way for him, and then stood by his side while he worked. Now and then he turned and looked at her, and when he did so she met his eyes with hers. Once she smiled at him, and he smiled back at her, and then he tried to see something unreal in her eyes, but he could not, though he knew that the rest of her was unreal. And all the time he sort of felt that she knew what he was thinking about her, and he began to get an impression that she wanted to tell him about herself. Once when she held his eyes with hers

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for quite a considerable time he thought he read her meaning there, and then he said the one word: "What?" And immediately she was gone.

'After luncheon, when he went to look at his morning's work, he was amazed to see what he had done.

'A comparison of our diaries showed that I met him at dinner that night, knowing nothing, of course, of what had happened in the morning. I could not help being a little out of patience with him. Most of his friends were beginning to make open fun of him, but I was very loath to join them, feeling sure that there must be some good reason for his ridiculous behavior. I was anxious to stand by him in his trouble, but he seemed to be unaware of any trouble; it was as though I was offering medicine to a man who did not know he was sick. Of course, he was wondering all the evening whether the woman had certain fixed hours for visiting his studio; whether one of them might be some time during dinner; and if so what she would think at not finding him at home. And then a horrid idea occurred to him that she might come and look for him and perhaps make a scene; and then another and worse idea, that she might feel neglected and not come again.

'It was not long before he began making studies of her, those wonderful studies I spoke of. She, of course, was the model I was so anxious to see.

'He fell to wondering where the girl went to when she was away from him, and then it was that he began to feel jealousy. When one of her absences was more than usually prolonged, life became unbearable. He set to work to try to devise some means of summoning her at will, and gradually he began to spend whole nights in the endeavor to communicate with her through space.

'As long as she was with him he was content, she brought a sense of peace and rest with her; but the moment she left him, he stopped, almost as a clock stops. It was really under her guidance that he worked at his big picture.

'By degrees he came to be able to communicate with her; and it was with that knowledge that their lives, as he put it, really began. It came about in this way: being so much with her he soon got to understand the smallest change in her face; from paying so much attention to these changes, he gradually began guessing at what she was thinking about, until at last he realized that he knew her thoughts as she thought them, and that she knew his.

'This fact was finally brought home to him one day when, on returning from luncheon tired and looking forward to a snooze in his chair, he found the girl sitting there reading. He thought to himself: "What a nuisance the woman is." And immediately she knew, and she thought a dreadfully unkind thing about him, and immediately he knew; and then they had a terrible quarrel — a thought quarrel, you understand — where each one knew what the other thought.

'The quarrel, however, seems to have cleared the air of misunderstanding and to have been the prelude of their being able to communicate freely with one another. I wish you could have heard his description of their next meeting, and of how they "kissed and made friends": it was really too delicious for words, only spoiled by the memory of it being so terrible to him.

'The end came curiously; I have tried to find some reason or explanation, but I cannot. Of course you saw his picture in the Academy, and you remember how it was talked about and Geoffrey pointed to as the coming

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man. I shall never forget his anxiety on the day of the private view; he wanted to see his picture; he wanted to hear what people said about it; in short, he wanted to enjoy his fame. He stayed at the Academy far longer than he had intended; when he got home the girl was not there — in fact she did not come that day; she did not come the next day, and that was the beginning of his trouble, for she never came back again at all.'

There was a long silence before the woman spoke.

'The sketches — what were they like? Just heads?'

'Oh, no! Every kind. Heads and full lengths; standing, sitting, and lying.'

'Where are they now?'

'I have a few here; would you like to see them?'

'I would, very much.'

'Do you mind coming to my little kitchen?'

The woman bent over the pictures in a way that made Martin think that she was examining them critically; but he soon saw that she was hoping to hide her tears. He crept back to the sitting room, leaving her alone with her grief. It was some time before she joined him, when she did she had recovered her composure.

'I must be going,' she said, looking for her gloves.

'What do you make of it?' Martin asked her. 'Do you understand at all?'

'Perfectly,' she said. 'But you would think me a very silly woman if I told you why I do.'

'Try me,' he said. 'I may not.'

'You remember I told you that soon after Geoffrey was born my husband left me; well, those are pictures of the woman who took him from me.'

Land and Water

STEAM

James Watt, the centenary of whose death was recently celebrated, would have been better advised to have celebrated a centenary fifty years ago. It so happens that just fifty years ago (in 1869) fell the centenary of the patent he drew out for his first steam engine. We do not know if the admirable Victorians celebrated that occasion; but if not, they missed the kind of opportunity they loved. We can imagine with what rotundity of voice and period and form the Mayor of Greenock, where Watt was born, and the Mayor of Birmingham, where he lived for forty-five years, and the mayors of all the Yorkshire and Lancashire and Black Country towns, which he created, would then have rolled his praises to the smoky skies. With what benefits he had enriched mankind! What glory he had bestowed upon his country, making her the envy of less happy lands! What leaping and bounding prosperity! With what skill had he secured man's triumph over nature, and, by God's blessing, harnessed boiling water to the accomplishment of our desires! Was it not to James Watt (next to the Bible) that England owed her supremacy on sea and land? Was it not through James Watt that Britannia became the author of peace, the lover

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of concord, and the originator of International Exhibitions? Was it not James Watt who caused cotton and decency to follow the missionary to Afric's sunny fountains and India's coral strand?

In such terms, fifty years ago, parliamentary and municipal orators would have hymned his praises; and we seem to hear the loud applause which greeted perorations concluding with the epitaph composed by Lord Brougham for Watt's statue in the Abbey:

> Directing the force of an original genius,
> Early exercised in philosophical research,
> To the improvement of The Steam Engine,
> He enlarged the resources of his country,
> Increased the power of man, And rose to an eminent place Among the more illustrious followers of Science And the real benefactors of the world.

Which epitaph fairly illustrates the kind of thing that the Victorians were supposed to relish.

It was a great century, the nineteenth, and we do not wish to mock. But the thought of it recalls Frederic Harrison's observation (as lately quoted by Gilbert Murray) when he compared the century to that famous nobleman in one of Voltaire's stories, whose manifold virtues at last got rather into his head, till his spirit was broken by the King, who, instead of snubbing him, gave him a small band of musicians to walk always in front of him singing his praises:

> Que de grâce, que de valeur!
> Que son mérite est extrême!
> Ah, combien Monseigneur
> Doit être content de lui-même!

Happy, happy times! Too happy, because they knew their blessings! Hardly a ripple disturbed the shining surface upon which, with passionate self-complacency, they contemplated the reflection of their own accomplishments. Here and there, it is true, a critical and warning voice was heard. When, emulating the common exaltation, Mr. Adderley extolled the Anglo-Saxon race as the best breed in the whole world; when Mr. Roebuck asked whether, the world over or in past history, there was anything to be compared with the prosperity of England, and answered, 'Nothing; I pray that our unrivaled happiness may last!' we remember how Matthew Arnold raised the question of 'Wragg,' who left the workhouse in Nottingham, strangled her young illegitimate child upon the Mapperly Hills, and was in custody. Let us recall a few of those immortal sentences:

> 'Our old Anglo-Saxon breed, the best in the whole world!' — how much that is harsh and ill-favored there is in this best! *Wragg!* — By the Ilissus there was no Wragg, poor thing! And 'our unrivaled happiness'; what an element of grimness, bareness, and hideousness mixes with it and blurs it; the workhouse, the dismal Mapperly Hills — how dismal those who have seen them will remember; the gloom, the smoke, the cold, the strangled illegitimate child! 'I ask whether, the world over or in past history, there is anything like it?' It may be so, one is inclined to answer; but at any rate, in that case, the world is very much to be pitied. And the final touch — short, bleak, and inhuman. *Wragg is in custody.* The sex is lost in the confusion of our unrivaled happiness; or shall I say, the superfluous Christian name lopped off by the straightforward vigor of our old Anglo-Saxon breed?

Then there was Ruskin, pouring out lamentations with the voice of an angel weeping over our cities, because James Watt and all his works had extirpated beauty from our land, and throttled the loveliness of human life and work. And earlier than the other few — a quarter of a century before the centenary of the Watt steam engine — Carlyle had sounded his deep note of indignation:

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I will venture to believe [he had cried], that in no time, since the beginnings of Society, was the lot of those same dumb millions of toilers so entirely unbearable as it is even in the days now passing over us. It is not to die, or ever to die of hunger, that makes a man wretched; many men have died; all men must die — the last exit of us all is a Fire-Chariot of Pain. But it is to live miserable we know not why; to work sore and yet gain nothing; to be heart-worn, weary, and yet isolated, unrelated, girt in with a cold universal *Laissez faire,* it is to die slowly all our life long, imprisoned in a deaf, dead, Infinite Injustice, as in the accursed iron belly of a Phalaris Bull! — The times, if we will consider them, are really unexampled.

It was not so that the beneficiaries of James Watt's steam engine considered them. James Watt had caused the population (better known as 'hands') enormously to increase; prosperity leaped and bounded; desirable mansions, even fitted with bathrooms, crowned the enterprise of industrious manufacturers. What was Matthew Arnold but a mere *littérateur,* who wrote poetry too? And Ruskin but a wailing sentimentalist with a taste for pictures? And Carlyle but a dyspeptic recluse, ignorant of the force which makes a piston go up and down? Since then the times have changed, indeed! The voice of to-day sounds far more like the warnings of those critical or indignant prophets. It mocks at the crude exultation over a prosperity in which the underlying horror has now been fully exposed. Criticism and indignation, derided by contemporary wealth and power, as they always are, have come into their own, as they sometimes do. Every voice can echo them now, and from every side the echoes rise. But echoes of the past never avail us much, and least of all do echoed lamentations avail. We shall not get rid of James Watt's steam engine, or its consequences, and for us it remains to make the best of actual things, without casting a longing eye back upon those blessed Middle Ages, or even upon the pastorals of Queen Anne; for both are dead and done with.

The real question raised by the steam engine is how to secure a noble life for enormous city populations. The old tag of a sane mind in a sane body was all very well, and we are far enough from having secured even that. But as the object of human life, it is obviously insufficient. Good cattle and sheep are, within their limits, sane in mind, and we kill a mad bull or a *mouton enragé.* Mankind demands more than orderly well-developed populations of sheep and cattle. To suppose that no more is demanded was, perhaps, the mistake of German educationalists — a bigger mistake even than German militarism. Toward sanity of body and mind we ourselves appear to have made some progress, at all events before the war. Drunkenness was declining; crimes of violence, usually caused by sudden madness, were less frequent; city children were being taught swimming and other healthy exercises; public libraries and news-rooms were fairly well used, and picture galleries were provided. The war revealed a large proportion of youths unfit in body for warfare, and in mind incapable of understanding even a sergeant's order; but still, as a whole, the young of our city populations showed a strength of muscle and nerve unexpected by our preachers and physiologists. What is far more hopeful and important, those who have been familiar for the last thirty years with the army or any large bodies of the 'working classes' can say that the level of manners has risen, the good temper of our cities is equal to the good temper of the old country people, and the gayety is greater. It seems as though Primary Education had really produced some educational effect.

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But the most difficult problems created by the steam engine in the incalculable change which it has brought over the world, yet remain for solution. Take three instances only out of many possible. The steam engine and its successors have enabled us to move more rapidly and in greater numbers from place to place. The world is contracted to a tripper's sphere, and movement, before the war, had become so easy that youth had lost the joy of exploration, the sense of mystery in distance, and, what was worse, the minute and affectionate intimacy with home. The steam engine produces large numbers of articles, especially of clothing and iron work, with great regularity. In this regularity, artists tell us, there is loss of beauty, and, what is far worse, the regularity involves such a monotony in work that the worker loses heart and personality; he welcomes even the horrors of war as a change from the unvarying labor. The steam engine has created for its service miles upon miles — thousands of miles in Yorkshire and Lancashire alone — of mean and monotonous streets and houses from which every trace of natural beauty has vanished, and where it is absurd to suppose an occasional picture gallery can serve as a substitute.

Faced with these three problems, among so many others, we have to discover how, despite the rule of the steam engine, to diffuse the dignity, grandeur, and beauty possible for men and women; how to extend to every living soul the chance of that happiness which, according to the ancient definition, consists in the highest possible development of vital powers, along the lines of excellence, and in a complete life.

The Nation

FROM THE MOUNTAINS

BY EDWARD STORER

In the silent campagna,
I cut from a cherry-tree
A frond of white blossoms.

By my window I place it,
Against the blue sky.
All around me are houses,
I am sunk in the city,
But unto me only
Like a bird from the mountains,
The pale spring has come.

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ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

ENGINEERING AS A PROFESSION FOR WOMEN

BY RACHEL M. PARSONS

WHEN the student of labor conditions in years to come studies the records of the national work accomplished during the Great War, there is little doubt that he will accord a just measure of recognition to the work done by women amid the noise and grime of our great engineering works. At present there is a danger that justice may not be accorded to those who through lack of organization may not be able to make their claims heard.

Even before the war a few women had taken up this profession: some had attended engineering courses at Cambridge University and elsewhere, others were employed by firms, but usually on fairly simple work. Prejudice, however, was strong, and although it was possible to study the subject at colleges, few were willing to do this on account of the difficulty of obtaining the practical experience which is essential for an engineer.

But early in 1915, when the need for an enormously increased production of shells was realized, women were called upon to help. New workshops sprang up all over the country: Woolwich, Vickers, Armstrong, to mention only a few of the largest, grew beyond recognition; the huge Gretna Green filling factory was determined on, and many new national factories were started.

In studying this question from the point of view of engineering as a profession for women, some of the questions that occur at once to any fair-minded inquirer are: Is the work that women have been doing skilled or unskilled? Is it the same type of work that men do, and can they do it anything like as well, or are they capable only of performing quite easy jobs, work of a simple repetition character requiring little skill or training?

The writer had the great privilege of studying engineering before the war, and subsequently of seeing a good deal of this work, watching personally the progress made by women who were for the first time employed in engineering works. At first they attempted only fairly simple operations and were chiefly employed on shells, in filling factories, cartridge factories, and other work for which only a short training is required, while all the setting up was done by the mechanics. Gradually, however, as the need for still greater supplies of munitions, and at the same time the necessity for continually increasing our army, became insistent, the women were employed on work of a more skilled type. They were taught to operate more complicated machines, they did fitting work on aeroplanes, they were taught to set up some of the machines — till, little by little, many of the shops were staffed almost entirely by women.

The Ministry of Munitions issued from time to time recommendations to firms as to the proportion of women who should be employed on different types of work. For instance, on gun work the standard of dilution for breech mechanism, for turning, boring, screwing, milling, gear cutting, planing, shaping, slotting, grinding, and all other machining operations was 80 per cent of women for guns up

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to eight inches; over eight inches, 70 per cent. For gauging and viewing, 80 per cent; and for marking off, fitting, and assembling, 40 to 50 per cent. Sometimes this standard was exceeded, and a higher percentage of women employed. They could mill all the parts of the breech mechanism of howitzers, screwing the internal thread for the breechblock; milling firing pins and all the parts of gunsights, in each case setting up their own work. The girls employed by one firm could design repairs to small guns and mechanism. They learned to perform the necessary calculations for determining the factor of safety of a damaged gun, making use, of course, of log tables and the slide rule. I have with me, as I write, some sheets of calculations done by girls in a turbine-design office, and also an example of a deflection diagram set out by a girl, from which she calculated the critical speed of a revolving shaft.

In many firms girls did tracing work before the war; but a few were now admitted into the drawing office, and though at first their lack of shop experience was a great handicap, they learned quickly, and soon were able to do such work as a drawing I have, showing an arrangement of turbine and alternator which had been assembled from detail drawings.

In various parts of the country quite different standards of women's work prevailed, and this accounts in some degree for the curious lack of knowledge on the part of many people of what has actually been accomplished. The old traditions of secrecy are difficult to overcome, and though one firm might be employing women on work of an advanced type with great success, another firm on very similar work would often have failed to realize that women could do more than the simpler types of repetition work. The writer came across many instances of this; and finally an attempt was made by the Ministry of Munitions to persuade doubting managers of what could be done, by publishing photographs and descriptions of the work women were doing, and also by sending out women demonstrators, who would travel to any firm who asked for them, and show that they could do the type of work in question. Often these demonstrators would remain and instruct other girls.

In addition, training schools were started, where both men and women were taught, and altogether 45,000 women passed through these schools. Many of these training schools were well equipped with the latest types of machines, and at first the women were given only a short course of about three weeks, and went into the works as operators. It was then found that there was a great shortage of men in aeroplane work, and classes in sheet-metal work, woodwork, and acetylene welding were inaugurated. Then, as the shortage of skilled men became acute and the demand for women who could do skilled work became greater, the more intelligent girls, usually those with a better education, were given a longer course of training, and some went out as setters on capstan lathes, tool setters, etc. No attempt was made to give women the training obtained by a man before the war who served his time in the usual way as an apprentice — that is, an all-round training on different operations; there was no time for this. Instead, the work of the skilled men was split up, and women usually specialized on one or two operations. In certain cases, usually perhaps in small works, women have obtained a considerable variety of experience, and as their education was often good, they began, as it were, half trained, and were able to

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learn the new work very quickly; but as a general rule women, though doing skilled men's work, and doing it very well, had not the all-round training of a skilled man. This point is rather an important one in understanding the difficulties of the question of pay.

The writer does not wish to give any exaggerated idea of the capabilities of women in engineering; the greater part of their work was unskilled or semi-skilled; in some cases the output and quality of the work equaled that of the men, in other cases it was inferior. Detailed reports have been published and can be studied. The comparison of men and women's work and pay is far too intricate a subject to be dealt with in this short article. The most convincing proof, however, of the value of the women workers is that employers wished to continue to employ them after the war. Since far less has been written about those women who have attained greater proficiency, the writer has for the most part selected instances of this work, as being of interest to the reader. But these instances are not intended to represent in any way the general level attained.

The development of the aeroplane industry was very rapid, and the shortage of skilled men was acute; thus women learned to work to very fine limits: they were taught, for example, to set up Herbert capstan lathes on aeroplane work, to set up and operate milling machines, gauging, inspecting, acetylene welding, and so on. In acetylene welding they achieved marked success, and took the greatest interest in their work, studying different processes in their leisure hours, discussing their work with the greatest interest, and taking every opportunity to become really expert in their craft. In visiting different firms the writer has frequently found a small group of perhaps three or four girls, acetylene welders, often girls with a university education, living in what were usually very uncomfortable lodgings close to the works, far from their former interests and friends, and desperately enthusiastic about their work.

In research work, girls with university training have proved a great success; they have become members of such technical societies as the Iron and Steel Institute, the Institute of Naval Architects, sometimes reading, and more often helping to write, papers. Some of the experiments in connection with seaplanes during the war were carried out by a girl in an experimental tank, while others did very good work in metallurgy and optics. They are carrying out tests on the problems of optical glass, and they are quite equal to grappling with the rather complicated mathematical calculations involved; and in the actual manufacture of lenses for binoculars they grind the lenses for telescopes, work requiring great care and entailing three or four months' training; they carry out some of the light tests, and the lenses they make can compete, one is assured, with those formerly imported from Germany.

There is a small engineering shop far away in a remote corner of Scotland, where a number of girls are at the moment steadily at work, turning out engines for motor tractors, setting up the machines for their work, and sometimes designing the tools needed. They are studying the subject, too, in their spare time, reading scientific works, and the writer was assured that many of them read *Engineering* each week from cover to cover!

This, then, was the situation in the summer of 1916, when 1,000,000 women in all were employed in the engineering trades. Now there are hardly any left. The educated women and

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those doing the most responsible work in factories were generally the first to go, while on every hand we have the call for increased production as the only real antidote for the present high prices and inflated currency.

When the manufacture of shells ceased and the workshops closed, the women, of course, had to be dismissed; but numbers of firms employed on work which is needed in peace time endeavored to keep the women who had proved so satisfactory, who had been working for years and had proved themselves efficient. Soldiers who had given up their jobs and were now demobilized must, of course, have their places given back to them, and the women were the first to admit this. But in many cases the firm had grown, taken up new work perhaps, and there seemed no logical reason for displacing the women. The factor though, that determined the fate of the women — the potentate at whose word the women were dismissed to their ill-paid trades, their poverty, their long hours of badly paid work in some factory where the pay and the comfort experienced in engineering works are unknown — was the power of organized labor.

Last July a bill known as the Restoration of Pre-War Practices Act, which vitally affected the lives of thousands of women, was rushed through Parliament, the Committee stage in the House of Commons taking only two hours, and became law a few weeks ago. By the terms of this bill it is now illegal for a woman to be employed in any engineering trade where women were not so employed before the war. Yet for nearly four years women have been employed in the engineering trades, gaining skill and experience, and turning out valuable work. It was, in fact, an interesting feature of the debate on this bill that no attempt was made to show that these women were unsatisfactory or inefficient in any way. The arguments advanced in favor of their exclusion, arguments reminiscent rather of the cherished privileges of some autocratic institution than of the exponents of a free people, were based on quite different reasons. Practically the only argument was the 'Treasury Agreement' drawn up in March, 1915, at a conference called by Mr. Lloyd George with the thirty-three principal trade unions. This agreement contains a clause providing that 'Any departure during the war from the practice ruling in our workshops, shipyards, and other industries prior to the war, shall only be for the period of the war.' It is, of course, impossible to restore a great many trade-union practices. New machinery has been introduced, conditions have changed, the rates of pay have undoubtedly changed. But one custom that has been firmly adhered to by the unions is that women shall again be excluded.

It was stated in the House that this bill was an agreed bill, and it is generally understood that it was the result of about six months' negotiations between the government and the trade unions. Yet, although the fate of such an army of women was to be decided by it, the women's organizations were not represented either at the original conference at which the Treasury Agreement was drawn up, or to any effective extent at the discussions when the clauses of the Restoration of Pre-War Practices Act were framed. The government, of course, must fulfill its pledges; but were the trade unions justified in exacting the literal fulfillment of an undertaking given by the government in those tragic days of 1915 when the fate of the country was at stake, and now that a world war has changed conditions almost beyond

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recognition? And, one may ask, has every other pledge given by the government been redeemed with like rapidity? Reports are now at hand that, not content with the exclusion of women from work they have taken up during the war, the unions in certain localities are protesting against the employment of women in engineering at all, even on work they were doing before 1914.

It is, in fact, an extraordinary situation; for while women may now become Members of Parliament, doctors, lawyers; while they may take up scientific work, yet in the ranks of industry women are in a far worse position than before the war. Probably a great deal of the opposition of the trade unions is based on the fear that women may accept a lower wage and thus lower the rate of pay; yet ample provision was made to safeguard the men's rate, both in the Treasury Agreement, the Munitions of War Act, and the Ministry of Munitions Circular L2. The strength of the trade unions is now in itself, one would think, a sufficient safeguard. Women do not wish to undercut men's pay, they are demanding on every hand 'equal pay for equal output,' and though this phrase is misleading and, when interpreted literally, has often led to the women being actually more expensive to the employer than men, yet the principle of equal pay is just, and women are invariably in its favor.

Another argument that may at first sight appear to be a strong one is the amount of unemployment in certain districts. But a great deal of this unemployment is due to the fact that so many men left their own locality during the war to work in munition works, and are reluctant to return, and also to the unsettled conditions that still prevail. Meanwhile the skill and training that women have acquired in engineering during the war is being lost to the country, and legal barriers have been, for the first time, raised against their employment. Before the war women were excluded by trade-union restrictions; now these restrictions have the actual force of law, while the employer is liable to a heavy fine for infringing this law. What, one may ask, is the remedy for this condition, for there must be a remedy if the cause is just?

Women have shown that they can work, but there is one quality that they have not yet attained — the power to organize as effectually as men. The women's trade unions have done splendid work in improving factory conditions and in safeguarding their members' pay. But they have been able to do far less in securing them continuity of employment. The very fact of the existence of a strong women's organization would also be an additional safeguard against undercutting the men's rate of pay, and it would be a great protection to the women against the badly paid trades they are often employed in. With these ends in view the Women's Engineering Society has been formed and is growing rapidly.

A strong organization can also make its views known and arouse public opinion; for in these days it is to the force of public opinion that reforms are due. It is of very little use for a few men or women to protest against this injustice unless they are backed up by the strength of the people as a whole; for in the last resort it is the reasoned judgment of the people that governs; and when their interest is aroused, when the cause of the woman engineer is stated clearly and impartially, the decision will certainly be in favor of according her justice.

Women must organize; this is the only royal road to victory in the industrial world. Women have won their

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political independence; now is the time for them to achieve their economic freedom, too. It is useless to wait patiently for the closed doors of the skilled trade unions to swing open. It is better far to form a strong alliance, which, armed as it will be with the parliamentary vote, may be as powerful an influence in safeguarding the interests of women engineers as the men's unions have been in improving the lot of their members. And since the women who have taken up this profession were drawn from every rank of society, let them continue this co-operation. Let them strive for an ideal higher than trade unions have up to now set before them, and form an alliance which shall recognize no distinctions of class, take part in no class war, but which shall go forward with the aim of securing fair play for women in the industrial world.

The National Review

A PRAYER

LEAVE not a veil before my eyes,
Tear from my mind the shield of lies,
And from my soul the web of sophistries:
Yea, though I sicken, shirk, and flee,
God, give me eyes to see.

Send me no song so honey-sweet
That I forget the harsher beat
Of life, the pulsing discords of the street;
Smite me with sorrow as a spear —
But give me ears to hear.

Grant me the will to pay for light,
For vision overtopping sight,
And dreams that are not of the passing night
Yield, at what price Thou shalt demand,
A heart to understand.

Country Life

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TALK OF EUROPE

THERE is a good deal of complaint from the undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge about the cost of living in college towns. The following letter is typical. It is written to the *Morning Post*.

Sir: Such undergraduates of the University of Oxford as feel called upon to think about the high cost of residence (and, unfortunately, they represent an ineffective minority) generally hold that there are two chief causes: (1) The seeming apathy of the governing authorities, both of the University in general and of the individual colleges in particular; and (2) the gross demoralization of Oxford tradesmen effected by the extravagant tastes of the average Oxford undergraduate, combined with his non-commercial outlook. The second point may be illustrated by recalling the unfortunate experiences of U. K. troops in France entering an area just vacated by Australians or Canadians, who could throw money about more freely.

The Oxford University Coöperative Society may become a success when its activities are enormously extended — enormously, I repeat. Big scale working, with manifold ramifications, is the only effective way. I hope the society aims at that. I am, Sir, yours sincerely,

Libertinus.

Oxford, October 27, 1919.

DR. ALEXIS CARREL, who since the beginning of the war has been working in France and who is now returning to America to his labors at the Rockefeller Institute, has given the *Journal* an interview which constitutes a terribly damaging attack on the lack of opportunities afforded to French men of science.

In France at present [he says] intense and fruitful scientific work is no longer possible. It is indispensable if France wishes to continue to be what her genius predestined her for all time to be, a shining light to other people, that a profound modification should be made. France possesses incontestably the best brains in the world. She stifles, atrophies, and paralyzes them by regulations belonging to another era. Powerful schools and castes have been formed which admit only those who bow in advance to their wishes and views. A whole series of barriers has been set up — under the pretext of examinations and competitions, where favoritism and arbitrarism exist — to arrest the development of free and independent spirits. The Faculty of Medicine, the Pasteur Institute, and all the great scientific establishments open their doors only to the elect. No boldness is tolerated, no discovery that breaks down the theories of the masters can be followed up there. But science should not be fettered or it becomes sterile. I am not speaking of the lamentable material position of our laboratories. That is a question of money, and eventually the credits necessary will be given to our workers. That will soon be a national necessity. If, for instance, there is an outbreak of *grippe* again this year we shall be forced to undertake serious researches as to its origin, evolution, and treatment. Nothing serious or methodical has yet been done regarding it, or could be done with our present organization. What must be modified is the attitude of mind of our *savants* themselves. The chair of teaching must no longer be regarded as a means of advertisement or as a freehold, but must be looked on as a real combatant position, where nothing should be thought of but usefulness and progress.

Dr. Carrel demands the resignation of several professors, and insists that they should be replaced by men of real value, particularly by younger men, who, he contends, during the war have given evidence of unquestioned genius.

THIS lovely poem, which has been widely reprinted in England, was written by a nine-year old lad, Edward Wyndham Ten-

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ant, who was fated to die at the front when only nineteen years of age.

A FACE

I know a face, a lovely face,
As full of beauty as of grace,
A face of pleasure, ever bright,
In utter darkness it gives light.
A face that is itself like joy;
To have seen it I'm a lucky boy;
But I've a joy that have few other,
This lovely woman is my Mother.

In *Coriolanus*, Act. IV, Scene 1, line 13, Volumnia exclaims:

'Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!'

So it is clear that Shakespeare was prophet as well as poet, being able to foresee and understand the fatal effect of Bolshevism on industry.

One of the funniest things I ever heard (writes a friend) was said by a cook to a friend of mine for whose situation she was an applicant. After the usual questions had been put and the cook was satisfied that the place was to her mind, she proceeded to indulge in a long, rambling glorification of the situation she was leaving, and where, according to her account, she had given notice. 'If you like your present situation so much what on earth are you leaving for?' queried my friend. 'The place is all right,' returned the cook with immense dignity, 'but the mistress is a perfect *ptarmigan!*'

Does the modern child count his blessings in regard to modern Christmas books? What would he say if, instead of one of these healthy, brightly-written stories, he received a copy of one of the books for juveniles in vogue a century ago? The very titles of some of the old volumes would raise the back of present-day youth — as, for instance, *The Advantages of Education as Elucidated in the History of the Wingfield Family;* Elizabeth Ann Dove's *Tales for My Pupils, or an Attempt to Correct Juvenile Errors;* S.W.'s *A Visit to a Farm, or an Introduction to Various Subjects Connected with Rural Economy* (this reached a fifth edition in 1811); and Sandham's *Perambulations of a Bee and a Butterfly, in Which Is Delineated Those Smaller Traits of Character Which Commonly Escape Observation.*

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Austin Harrison, son of Frederick Harrison, is the editor of the *English Review.*

* * *

Richard Whiteing, essayist and novelist, will be recalled as the author of *No. 5 John Street.*

L. Cope Cornford is a British author and journalist whose specialty is naval affairs.

* * *

Edward Moore, poet and critic, is on the staff of the *New Statesman.*

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THE VETERAN

BY EDMUND BLUNDEN

He stumbles silver-haired among his bees,
Now with the warm sun mantling him; he plods
Taking his honey under the pippin-trees,
Where every sprig with rich, red harvest nods.
He marks the skies' intents,
And like a child, his joy still springing new,
In this fantastic garden the year through,
He steeps himself in nature's opulence.

Mellow between the maze of leaves smiles down
September's sun, ripening his multitude
Of gold and red and green and russet brown
Lavished in plenty's lusty-handed mood.
For this old man who goes
Reckoning ripeness, shoring the lolling sprays,
And, fruits which daybreak gusts made castaways,
From the deep grasses thriftily rescuing those.

Babble he will, lingeringly, lovingly,
Of all the glories of this fruitful place,
Counting the virtues of each several tree,
Her years, her yield, her hardihood, or grace;
While through this triumph song,
As through their shielding leaves, the year's fruits burn
In bright eye-cozening color, turn by turn,
From cool black cherries till gold quinces throng.

Blossoming the blue mists with their queenly scent—
Who hearing him can think what dragging years
Of drouthy raids and skirmishes he spent
With drums and fifes to drown his clamoring fears?
Here where the grapes turn red
On the red walls, and honey in the hives
Is like drift snow, contentment only thrives,
And the long misery of war is dead.

Resting in his old oaken-raftered room,
He sits and watches the departing light,
Crimsoning like his apple-trees in bloom,
In a deep dream of gratitude's delight.
And fast the peering sun
Has lit the blue delft ranged along the wall,
The painted clock and Squirrel's Funeral,
And through the cobwebs traced his rusty gun.

And then the dusk, and night, and while he sleeps,
Apple-scent floods and honey's fragrance there,
And old-time wines, whose secret he still keeps,
Are beautiful upon the marveling air.
And if sleep seem unsound,
And set old bugles pealing through the dark,
Waked on the instant, he but wakes to hark
His bellman cockerel crying the first round.

The Nation

THE PLACE OF QUIET

Now are they come into the place of quiet,
Into the heart of silence where God is;
Far, far away from all the mortal riot,
Safe in the home of lovely sanctities.

And there they rest, who fought with no surrender,
Lapped in a peace like water, cool and bright,
Till God shall armor them again in splendor
To battle with the spirits of the night.

My soul, forestall awhile the ultimate fiat,
A moment doff the body's hindrances
And come thou too into the place of quiet
Into the heart of silence, where God is!

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